MAXIM



$3.99

NOVEMBER 2015

GOODBYE, NBA?

DR. KEN

THE PITCH OF PAIN

A$AP FERG

THE WORLD'S ULTIMATE RACE

BIG BOI

AND... LEON BRIDGES

LETHAL

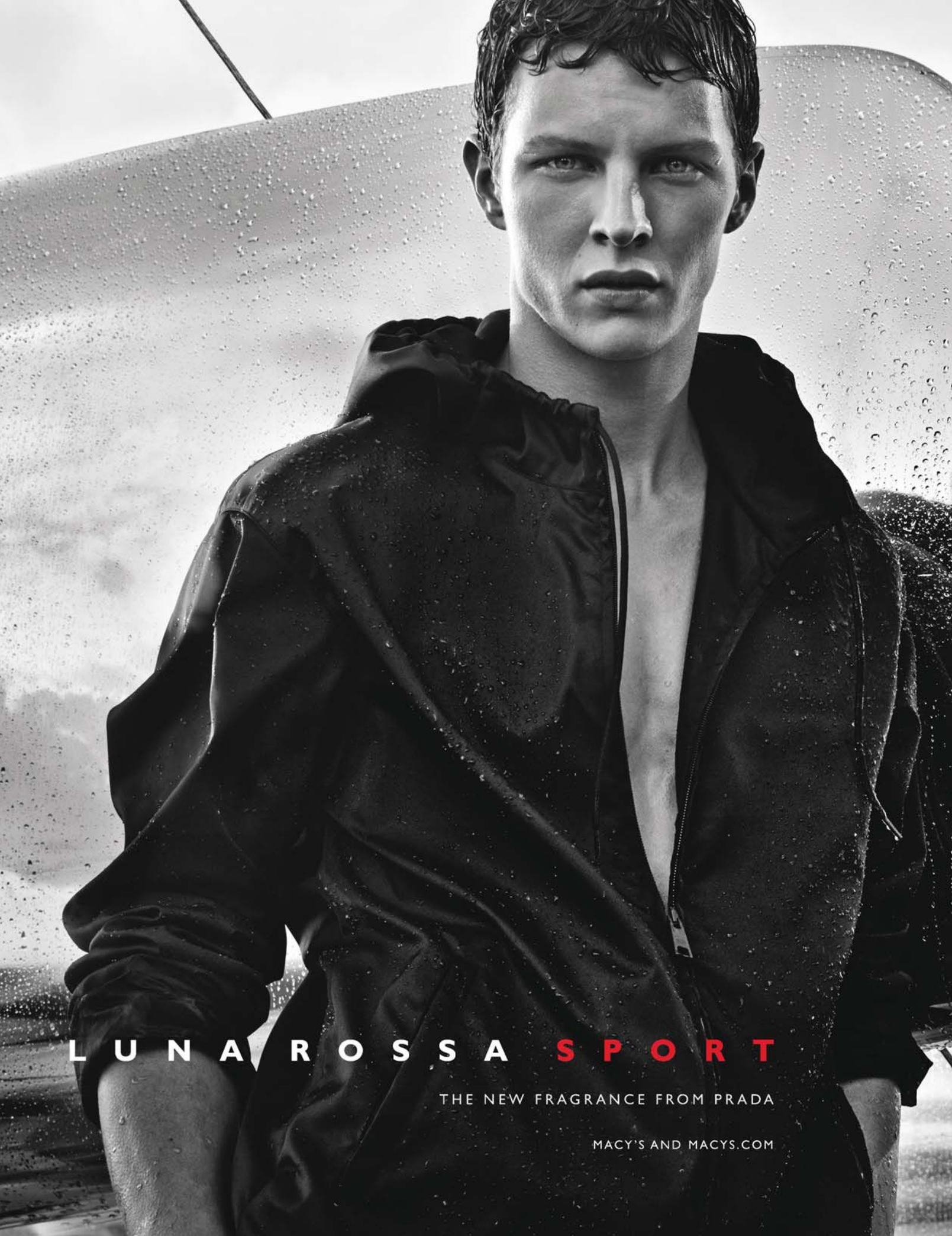
LÉA SEYDOUX

BOND'S MOST FORMIDABLE FEMME FATALE

PLUS

007'S GREATEST GADGETS

MAXIM.COM


LUNA ROSSA SPORT
THE NEW FRAGRANCE FROM PRADA
MACY'S AND MACYS.COM


PRADA
PRADA





On the Cover
photographed by H&K/
CPi Syndication.

Features

64 LÉA SEYDOUX
The stunning French actress reinvents the Bond girl.

70 RACE TO THE TOP
One man dominated in a strange, global sport: racing up mountains in record-breaking time. But now, finally, he has a challenger.

76 SUN-KISSED
Take a dip with the beautiful Clara Rosager and Maya Stepper.

90 FRIGHTENING SPEED
Inside baseball's dangerous obsession with the 100-mph fastball.

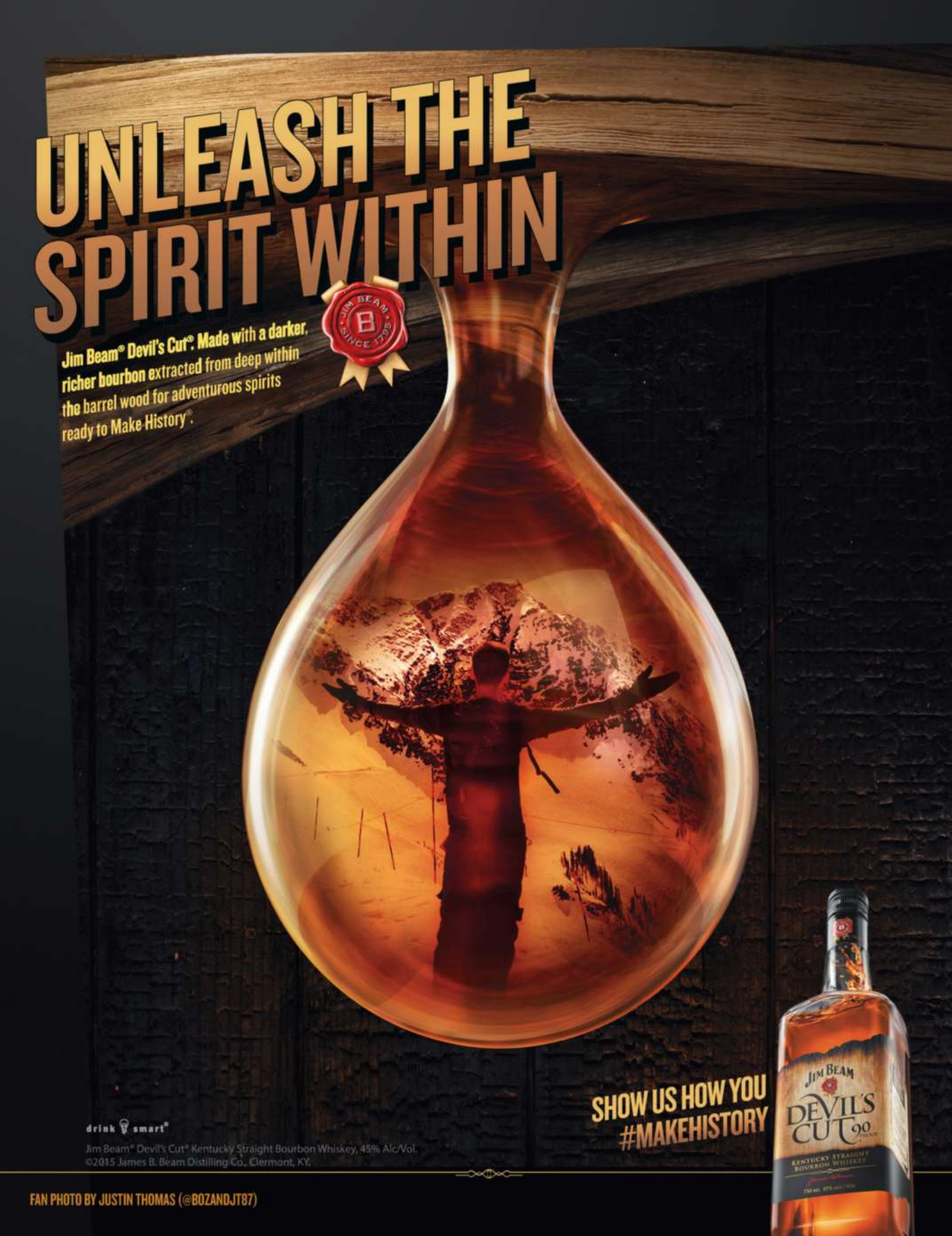
Style

34 TOP SHELF
Ace your look with high-flying grooming gear.

38 ABOVE WATER
World-champion sailor Alex Thomson puts the "cool" in nautical.

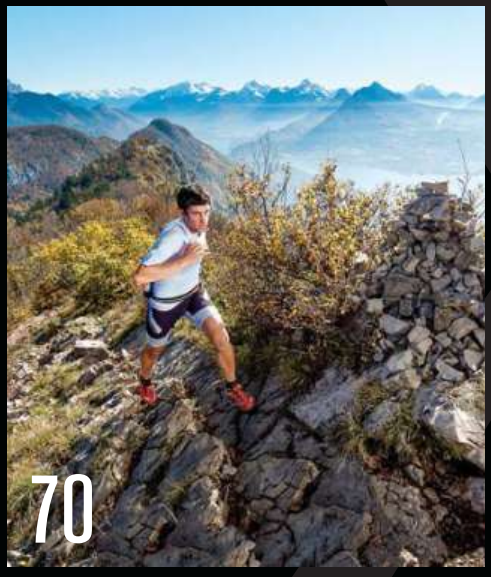
82 HEART AND SOUL
Texas crooner Leon Bridges suits up to take on the world.

SUIT AND ROLL-NECK SWEATER, PERRY ELLIS. POCKET SQUARE, THE TIE BAR. WATCH, BELL & ROSS. SHOES, SALVATORE FERRAGAMO.


UNLEASH THE SPIRIT WITHIN
Jim Beam® Devil's Cut®. Made with a darker, richer bourbon extracted from deep within the barrel wood for adventurous spirits ready to Make History®.
JIM BEAM SINCE 1795
SHOW US HOW YOU #MAKEHISTORY
JIM BEAM DEVIL'S CUT 90 PROOF
KENTUCKY STRAIGHT BOURBON WHISKEY
drink smart®
Jim Beam® Devil's Cut® Kentucky Straight Bourbon Whiskey, 45% Alc/Vol.
©2015 James B. Beam Distilling Co., Clermont, KY.
FAN PHOTO BY JUSTIN THOMAS (@BOZANDJT87)













Misc.

12 RAGING BULL
Introducing the Lamborghini Aventador Superveloce, the fastest Lambo ever made.

16 TIME TO GET REAL
Ken Jeong discusses his *Hangover* legacy and why laughter is not the best medicine.

20 DELIVERING THE GOODS
Postmates CEO Bastian Lehmann on why he never accepts "no."

22 BASKETBALL'S BIGGEST BATTLE
Can the NBA handle its coming $2.66 billion windfall?

28 THE ICEMAN MELTETH
A historic solo trek across the South Pole begins with a trial by fire—of a different sort.

32 IT'S A BOI!
Rapper Big Boi recalls the craziest tequila shots of his life.

50 HOT LIST
Maxim's definitive guide to the hottest art, culture, and entertainment this month has to offer.

60 SEX
Master the art of the quickie.

102 HEAD CASE
A track-inspired racing helmet modified for Main Street.

Informer

96 BOND GADGETS
Geek out on our ultimate guide to the best, worst, and weirdest gizmos in the entire 007 arsenal.



Oris Divers Sixty-Five
Automatic mechanical movement
Unidirectional revolving bezel
Top ring with black aluminium inlay
Water resistant to 10 bar/100 m
www.oris.ch

ORIS
Swiss Made Watches
Since 1904

EDITOR IN CHIEF Kate Lanphear

CREATIVE DIRECTOR Paul Martinez
EDITORIAL DIRECTOR Aaron Gell
DESIGN DIRECTOR Matthew Lenning
MANAGING EDITOR Jeff Nesmith
DEPUTY EDITOR Jason Feifer
FASHION DIRECTOR Wayne Gross
DIRECTOR OF PHOTOGRAPHY Andrea Volbrecht
DIGITAL DESIGN DIRECTOR Andrea Nasca
EXECUTIVE PRODUCER, MAXIM VIDEO Jason Sanchez
PRODUCTION DIRECTOR Gustavo Gonzalez

EDITOR AT LARGE Chris Wilson
DIGITAL DEPUTY EDITOR Jared Keller
SENIOR EDITOR Ali Drucker
SENIOR EDITOR Gabriella Paiella
ASSOCIATE EDITOR Sean Abrams
ASSOCIATE EDITOR Adam Linehan
ASSOCIATE EDITOR Mikelle Street
SOCIAL MEDIA MANAGER Cara Hessels
CONTRIBUTING EDITORS Dan Carney (automotive), Steve Hoff, Adam K. Raymond, Max Rivlin-Nadler

MANAGING ART DIRECTOR Paul Scirecalabrisotto
ART DIRECTOR David Zamdmer
ASSOCIATE ART DIRECTOR Oliver Yoo
SENIOR PHOTO EDITOR Rebecca Karamehmedović
DIGITAL PHOTO EDITOR Karis Doerner
CONTRIBUTING DIGITAL ASSOCIATE PHOTO EDITOR Angela DiMarzio
PHOTO ASSISTANT Joanna T. Garcia

RESEARCH CHIEF Christian Smith
COPY CHIEF Stephanie Makrias
PRODUCTION ASSOCIATE April Mokwa
FASHION & MARKET ASSOCIATE Laura Schafer

WEST COAST

WEST COAST EDITOR Ruth Hilton
ASSISTANT EDITOR Julian Stern

VICE PRESIDENT LICENSING Jill Tully
INTERNATIONAL LICENSING MANAGER Stephanie Marino
DIRECTOR OF BRAND MANAGEMENT Diana Abehssera
DESIGN DIRECTOR Damian Wilkinson

PUBLISHER Kevin Martinez

CHIEF MARKETING OFFICER Al Silvestri
GENERAL MANAGER, DIGITAL Dan Shar
ASSOCIATE PUBLISHER Elizabeth Bagdasarian
ASSOCIATE PUBLISHER Colin Marshall
BUSINESS DIRECTOR Kelsey Armstrong

ADVERTISING SALES

AD DIRECTOR Evan Bruno
ACCOUNT DIRECTOR Vanessa Verdino
ACCOUNT MANAGER Albert DeMatteo
EXECUTIVE DIRECTOR, WEST COAST Melissa Beal
MIDWEST DIRECTOR Marisa Warren
DETROIT DIRECTOR Brian Green
SOUTHERN DIRECTOR Jim Young
SOUTHEAST DIRECTOR David Steventon
FLORIDA ACCOUNT MANAGER Dawn Guzzetta
INTERNATIONAL DIRECTOR Fabio Montobbio
CANADIAN DIRECTOR Mark Boxer
MIDWEST ACCOUNT MANAGER Emily McCoy
MARKETING & SALES ASSOCIATE Dana Lombardi
SALES ASSOCIATE Jake Lauer

DIRECTOR, DIGITAL AD OPS Sarah Hahn
DIGITAL INNOVATION DIRECTOR Jessi Castro
DIGITAL ACCOUNT MANAGER Emily Mejer

INTEGRATED MARKETING

SENIOR DIRECTOR Colin Surprenant
ASSOCIATE DIRECTOR Samantha Shelly
MANAGER Laura Carlucci
MANAGER Emma Jenks-Daly
MANAGER Brookelyn Suddell
ASSOCIATE MANAGER Brett Cohen
DIRECTOR OF EVENTS Lauren Farruggio
ART DIRECTOR Ray Rualo

CHIEF OPERATING OFFICER Robert Price
FINANCE DIRECTOR Jonathan J. Bigham
DEPUTY GENERAL COUNSEL Ian Warren
SENIOR PARALEGAL Catherine Baxter
PRODUCTION MANAGER Yvonne Parker

A BIGLARI HOLDINGS COMPANY



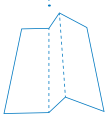
2 ► ◄ 1

Big isn't the only way to get versatility.



PRESSURE TO GET BIGGER IS UNRELENTING
THE NEW HUNGER MAKES CARS RESEMBLE AN R-V
CROSSEYED, WE CONCEDE THE BATTLE IS OVER

2 ► fold page so 1 meets 2 ◄ 1



Honda reminds you to properly secure items in the cargo area.
HR-V EX-L Navi model shown. ©2015 American Honda Motor Co., Inc.

HONDA

The Velocity Issue

CONSIDER MOUNT KILIMANJARO. At 19,341 feet high, it's one of the world's tallest peaks. Reaching the summit was once a triumph of humanity. Then climbers began flocking to it, using guides and maps, and making the journey seem far less superhuman. So the greatest strivers among us raised their game, competing not just to go up and down, but to do it faster than anyone else. An elite mountain runner named Kílian Jornet completed the trip in seven hours, 14 minutes–and notched more records around the world. Kilimanjaro seemed tapped out, void of competition. The man seemed unbeatable.

And then, of course, someone else started beating his records.

You can read about Jornet and his competitive quest on **PAGE 70**. It's a great inside look at a global sport, but it's more than that: It's representative of what success means today–in every facet of our lives. The world is full of excellent, hungry, well-trained competitors. To be the best among them, we can't simply be smarter or more agile; we also have to be *faster*. Velocity is our new measure of success. And it carries new dangers: The harder we push ourselves, the more we risk burning out. Hell, not a week goes by that I don't think about throwing in the towel and retreating to a Buddhist monastery in the Catskills. So why am I not there right now? Because life is more thrilling when you're giving it your all. The fast lane is more fun.



That's the feeling we wanted to capture in this issue. And that all-or-nothing, need-for-speed mentality is also at the heart of writer Hunter Atkins' in-depth examination of the 100-mph fastball **(PAGE 90)**. It's been called the holy grail of pitching for good reason: If a player can throw that fast, he's guaranteed to become a sensation–but he also has a near-guaranteed risk of career-ending injuries. Still, professional baseball remains obsessed with the triple-digit ball, and that only encourages more talented young pitchers to chase it into early retirement.

We scoured the world for the fastest movers. In Northern Italy, we visit famed adventurer Michele Pontrandolfo as he prepares for his latest conquest: He's attempting to become the first person to successfully complete a solo trek across the Antarctic Southern Pole of Inaccessibility on foot **(PAGE 28)**. In London, we spend time with British yachtsman Alex Thomson, who races alone for weeks at a time, sometimes in extremely dangerous conditions, in order to be the first to cross vast oceans **(PAGE 38)**. And in Barcelona, we test-drive the most powerful production Lamborghini ever made: the Aventador LP 750-4 Superveloce, a meticulously engineered supercar capable of making the zero-to-100-km leap in a microscopic 2.8 seconds **(PAGE 12)**.

Elsewhere, Bastian Lehmann, CEO of the rapidly growing on-demand delivery service Postmates, gives us his philosophy of success **(PAGE 20)**, Texas crooner Leon Bridges discusses his transformation from dishwasher to pop star **(PAGE 82)**, the hilarious Dr. Ken Jeong offers up sound medical advice **(PAGE 16)**, and Big Boi tells us what happened after he rocked 20 shots of tequila **(PAGE 32)**.

We couldn't imagine a more perfect cover model for this issue than the beautiful Léa Seydoux, whose meteoric ascent began two years ago in the award-winning indie drama *Blue Is the Warmest Color*. This month she stars in *Spectre* as the new Bond femme fatale–the first in a string of many high-profile roles to come **(PAGE 64)**.

We hope that, even in your fast-paced life, you'll take a moment to slow down and enjoy our work. It was the product of a lot of sweat, and plenty of exhaustion. But the hustle was totally worth it–and it always is.



Editor in Chief
KATE LANPHEAR











Making it to the summit.

(Made possible with paper and packaging.)

























Many of our achievements happen with paper and paper-based packaging. Achievements both great and small. Discover how paper and packaging help us reach so many of our life goals. **HowLifeUnfolds.com**

© 2015 Paper and Packaging Board. All Rights Reserved.

Paper & Packaging
How life unfolds.


Lambo



ILLUSTRATED BY **LOLA DUPRÉ**



Raging Bull

Buckle up for a wild ride in the **Lamborghini Aventador Superveloce**, the fastest Lambo ever made.

by **LAWRENCE ULRICH**

PHOTOGRAPHED BY **JAKE STANGEL**


YOU KNOW HOW TO
SPEND A WEEKEND.
TRUE
SINCE
1854
TIMEX
WEAR
IT
WELL.
timex.com
Weekender™ Collection #WearItWell
©2015 Timex Group USA, Inc. TIMEX, TRUE SINCE 1854 TIMEX, WEAR IT WELL, WEEKENDER and INDIGLO are trademarks of Timex Group B.V. and its subsidiaries.







The Formula 1-favorite Circuit de Barcelona-Catalunya in Spain is no place for the timid—and until recently, no place for a Lamborghini, long a nonentity on major racetracks. But now I'm bombing around this rollicking course in the Italian brand's most powerful production car ever, the Aventador LP 750-4 Superveloce. It's not for the timid, either—or, for that matter, the average driver: Only 200 of them will be sold in North America, starting at $493,095 each. The Aventador combines nuance with a murderous headlong charge—lightened and buttressed with carbon fiber, its brain stuffed with algorithms like some comic-book experiment. But those are just the basics. Here's what makes this beast so stupid-fast:

THE NAME

Aventador is another in a long line of Lambos to be named after a fighting bull, and *Superveloce* is Italian for "superfast." Though it sounds more persuasive when you affect an accent and waggle pursed fingers in front of your best De Niro-as-Corleone face. *Sup-ehr-ve-LO-che*!

THE ENGINE

A 750-hp, 6.5-liter V-12 rests behind the driver's and passenger's noggins, fills eardrums with rock-opera bombast, and snaps necks with exhilarating force: zero to 100 km/h (or 62 mph) in 2.8 seconds, to 124 mph in 8.6 seconds, and on to a lusty 217-mph peak. For owners with the balls (and real estate) to pursue top speed, a carbon-fiber rear wing manually adjusts to boost downforce, keeping the Superveloce from taking flight like a hijacked F-16.

THE GUTS

Weight-slashing carbon fiber is everywhere, from the car's space frame to its cinematic body and bucket seats—and even a carbon "skin" wrapping the cabin. An improved Haldex all-wheel-drive unit faithfully transfers that power to the pavement, via some of the biggest, stickiest 21-inch Pirelli tires ever mounted on a sports car. And where Lamborghini's notoriously lurching automated transmissions used to call for an airsickness bag, a seamless single-clutch automated manual unit cuts shift times to just 50 milliseconds—within spitting distance of an F1 racer.

A 750-hp, 6.5-liter V-12 snaps necks with exhilarating force.

THE FEEL

Like a commander in chief preparing to annihilate, drivers flip open a red metal cap on the console to access the engine start button. Once this missile is armed, brilliant animations fill the Virtual Cockpit driver's display to flaunt things like the Superveloce's bellowing 8,500-rpm redline. Pilots manage a network of real-time systems, including a magnetic suspension that adapts instantaneously to g-forces and other road conditions. As I blast toward the first turn, the new Lamborghini Dynamic Steering adjusts ratios on the fly—speeding response in tight corners, enabling lightning reactions without the awkward arm-twisting. Because even when this car slows down, it finds a way to speed up.

PROMOTION


MAXIM
.COM
THE DEFINITIVE GUIDE
TO WHAT'S HOT
WOMEN | STYLE | CARS | TECH | ENTERTAINMENT | MAXIM MAN | MAXIM TV



Time to Get Real

Ken Jeong played a coke-snorting maniac in *The Hangover* and a Spanish-teaching maniac in *Community*. But he's actually a doctor—and now he plays one on TV.

by CHRIS WILSON

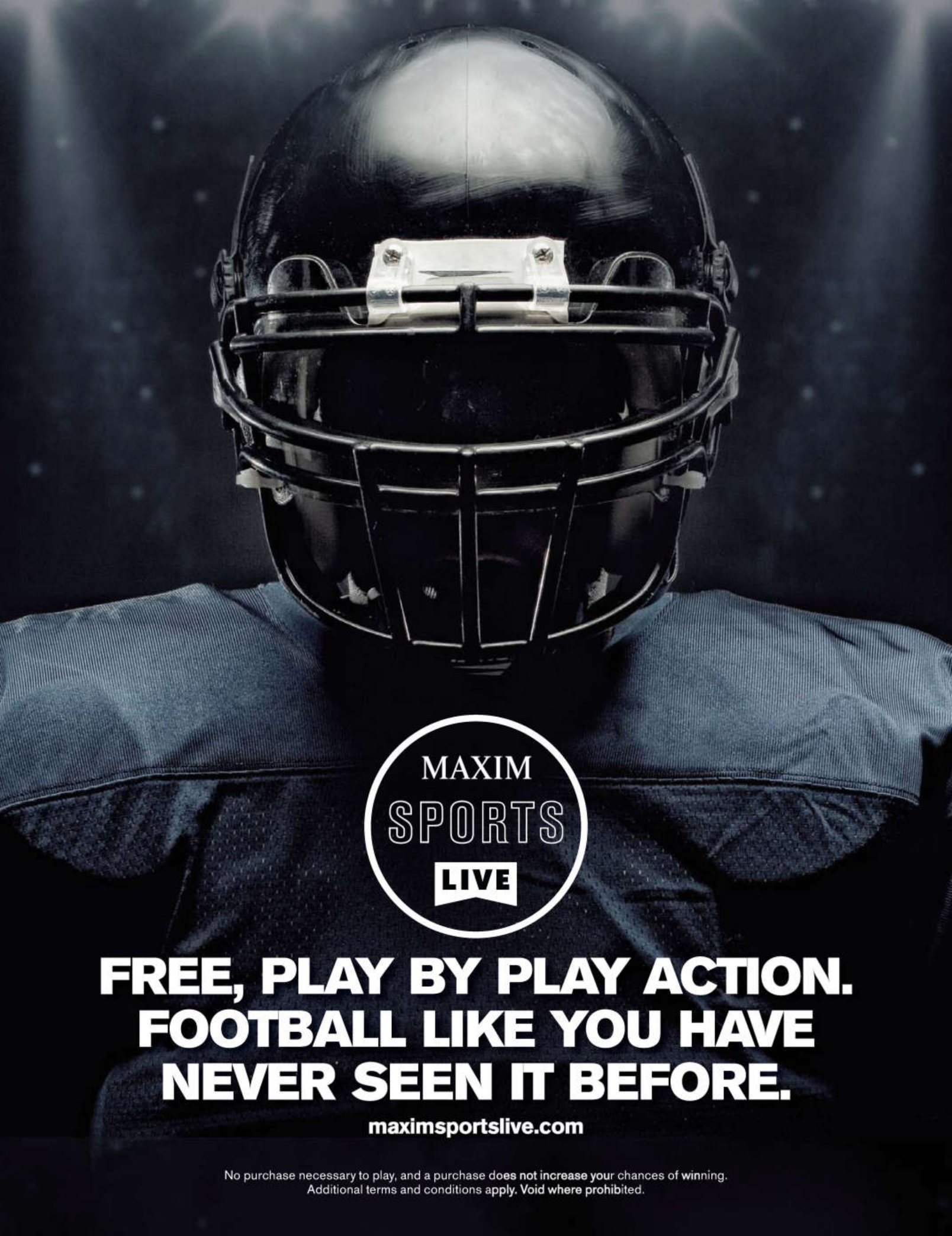
***The Hangover* made you globally recognizable overnight. How did that sudden fame transform your life?** Talk about velocity–that was zero to 180. Like a week and a half after it came out, my wife and I were at a sushi restaurant and everyone was looking at me like I'd farted or something. I still get guys yelling, "Toodaloo, motherfucker!" at me at stoplights. I don't know if I could have dealt with it in my 20s. I'm happily married, I love my kids, and I love my life prior to *The Hangover*–so I'm very grateful that my head was in a proper place before all this happened. I wasn't lonely or desperate for anything. **You were once a full-time doctor who did stand-up at night. How crazy was that?** I don't think I spent any more time doing stand-up than a doctor does playing golf; that's the way I looked at it. **So tell us, doc: Is laughter contagious, as Patch Adams once said?** No, infection is contagious. Colds and flus are contagious. Laughter is just an affectation. I hate that saying: *Laughter is the best medicine.* Medicine is the best medicine. Laughter just doesn't hurt. **And "contagious laughter" actually sounds terrifying.** Yeah, otherwise everyone would be some sort of hyena. As a doctor, I was never Patch Adams. I was always super respectful. No clown nose. "You've got herpes, but I've got your nose! Honk! Honk!" It's just not good. **Now you're starring in, writing, and executive-producing *Dr. Ken* on ABC. Are there any TV or movie doctors you *do* like?** I don't watch medical shows. When you're a doctor, you don't want to come home and see more trauma. I remember when *ER* was in its heyday, I tried it and got choked up. It was almost a post-traumatic-stress experience watching it, because it was so well done. **So if *The Hangover* launched your career, can we hold out hope for Mr. Chow's return—a stand-alone franchise, perhaps?** I would love that. But there's a time and place for everything. That character was just pure, unadulterated joy. It was such an id. I don't know if I could play a character quite like that ever again. It's just so iconic.


GIORGIO ARMANI
Chris Pine
ARMANI code
unforgettable



unforgettable

GIORGIO ARMANI


MAXIM
SPORTS
LIVE
FREE, PLAY BY PLAY ACTION.
FOOTBALL LIKE YOU HAVE
NEVER SEEN IT BEFORE.
maximsportslive.com
No purchase necessary to play, and a purchase does not increase your chances of winning.
Additional terms and conditions apply. Void where prohibited.



Delivering the Goods

Bastian Lehmann's company, **Postmates**, will get you anything you want in an hour. Can he outrun Uber?

by JASON FEIFER

PHOTOGRAPHED BY **SHAUGHN AND JOHN**

Chipotle was confused: People in Postmates T-shirts kept entering its shops across the country, buying food, and then whisking it off to...*where*, exactly? So the chain sent a cease-and-desist letter, which delighted Postmates CEO Bastian Lehmann. "When people don't understand what you're doing, they try to stop it," he says. "But that's a great indicator that you're changing things—and good things come from change." His company is a one-hour messenger service that delivers anything, from anywhere, to anyone. Want a steak burrito and an iPad? On the way. Services like this have emerged and failed before, but Lehmann's has grown steadily into a $500 million business that has run more than three million deliveries, expanded to 30 markets, and partnered with Apple, Starbucks, and 7-Eleven. A few months ago, even Chipotle dropped its objections and joined in. Here's Lehmann on why he never accepts "no."

I GREW UP IN *a small German town. I looked around, saw a lot of rules being made by guys who aren't as smart as you or I, and found that the most exciting people were the ones that didn't fit in.*

BY 15, I DECIDED *I wanted to move to the U.S. I love my home country, but they're not used to taking risks there. There's this German saying that translates as: If you're a shoemaker, stick with making shoes. But young entrepreneurs need to know that failure—not just success!—is also good. That's how you learn.*

PEOPLE SAID *it's impossible to do one-hour deliveries in a city. Kozmo tried, and failed, in 2001. So I went back and asked: Why? Was it labor costs? Not enough demand? Kozmo used a radio dispatch to direct couriers, and that is a great source for error. We could have a completely different approach.*

YEARS AGO, *I was at an event and one of our investors introduced me to Uber CEO Travis Kalanick. He didn't shake my hand; he just said, "See you in the trenches." I thought that was great. See you in the trenches? Let's get there.*

NOW WE SHARE *six investors with Uber.*

FOR YEARS, *we didn't partner with merchants. The idea was to focus on building our technology while users pay a premium—up to $20—for convenience. But now we're building relationships: Merchants give us kickbacks, which we use to lower the delivery cost. The goal is to reach $1 per delivery so everyone uses us.*

THERE'S STUBBORN, *and then there's being an idiot. I hope that I'm stubborn—but not in a pedantic way. I'm just literally curious: Why this? Why that? It's pretty amazing how far you can get if you just keep asking questions.*



Basketball's Biggest Battle

Enjoy this NBA season, because it may be the last stable one for a while. Here, a primer on the chaos that's coming.

by **MARY PILON** and **JASON FEIFER**



ILLUSTRATED BY **THOMAS ALLEN**



What's the Problem?

Basically, money. Lots and lots and lots of money.

STARTING NEXT season, and continuing until 2025, ESPN and Turner Broadcasting will together pay an annual average of $2.66 billion for the rights to air NBA games–nearly triple today's fee. Where's the money going? Conveniently, the players' union contract ends after next season–and players and owners are already jockeying over how to split their new riches.

The main point of contention: In 2011, many owners said that they were losing money on their teams. At the time, league revenue was split unevenly, with 57 percent for the players and 43 percent for the owners. The union contract they finally settled on split revenue 50-50, with players sacrificing in order to balance the owners' finances. But fortunes have changed. The Milwaukee Bucks were sold to a group of hedge-fund executives for $550 million; ex-Microsoft CEO Steve Ballmer bought the Los Angeles Clippers for $2 billion; and *Forbes* reported that the average team is now worth $1.1 billion, 74 percent more than the year prior. The players say it's payback time.

That's not the only change coming. Player salaries, and team salary caps, will likely drastically increase–affecting teams in ways nobody can predict.

But for fans, the question is: Will there even *be* an NBA season after this? The last time the players' contract was up, in 2011, negotiations fell apart and the league lost two months of its season. That was when the stakes were *lower*. It's time to see if the NBA can handle its own success.

HOW MUCH THE NBA EARNS PER SEASON FOR NATIONAL TV RIGHTS*



Starting Lineup

The biggest union fight in NBA history will be waged by two newcomers.



ADAM SILVER
NBA COMMISSIONER

VS.



MICHELE ROBERTS
PLAYERS' UNION EXECUTIVE DIRECTOR

February 2014	STARTED THE JOB	July 2014
Was at the prestigious corporate law firm Cravath, Swaine & Moore in New York, and a U.S. District Court law clerk in New York's Southern District.	PREVIOUS LAWYER LIFE	Began as a public defender in Washington, D.C., before becoming a trial lawyer for the firm Skadden, Arps, Slate, Meagher & Flom.
David Stern. He became commissioner in 1984, built the NBA into what it is today, and groomed Silver as his successor.	PREDECESSOR	Billy Hunter. Players believed he was a weak negotiator. He was ousted amid reports of nepotism in the union offices, and then sued for breach of contract.
He's been in the league since 1992 and participated in many past contract negotiations. Owners expect him to win big.	EXPECTATIONS	She's the first female head of a major pro sports players' union and was overwhelmingly voted into the job. Players expect her to win big.

IT'S GAME TIME

ROBERTS REVEALS THE ACTION THAT'S UNDER WAY

Between now and the negotiating table, what are you doing?
We're beginning our discussions with the league. We're visiting with every single one of the teams. We're putting together what we believe are the issues that must be fairly addressed. We're asking the league to do the same thing.

Why dig in so early?
It's what I've always done. Most of who I represented as a litigator were Fortune 500 companies. If we had not resolved differences by a trial date, there was panic and stubbornness. The smart approach is getting ahead, when you have cooler heads.

*Numbers are averages across multiyear contracts.

THE VODKA THAT LIVES UP TO THE FANTASY.



Stoli.

THE VODKA

SAVOR STOLI® RESPONSIBLY. Stolichnaya® Premium Vodka. 40% Alc/Vol. (80 proof).
Distilled from Grain. Stoli Group USA, LLC, New York, NY. ©2015 Spirits International, B.V.

Trouble on TV?

The new cable contract could change which games we see.

TNT HAS BEEN airing 53 regular-season games a season. Starting next year, it gets 11 more. ESPN and ABC will air a combined 100, up from 90. That's a lot more basketball seen nationwide, but it doesn't guarantee *good* basketball. This chart shows the result of every NBA game aired on TNT last season: Fifty-nine percent were settled by 10 or more points, and 28 percent were 16-point-or-more blowouts.

It's not like the NBA lacks excitement. But the TV schedule is set before the season begins, leaving the league little flexibility if, say, a superstar is injured and a once-hot team is no longer competitive. As the national schedule expands, the NBA risks more snoozefests–a problem it may need to rectify. Consider the UFC: It rapidly added big TV events but couldn't field enough competitive fights, and viewers were pissed.

Meanwhile, the league may upset some of its most loyal fans: cord-cutters who pay for League Pass, the NBA's live-streaming service. The platform shows every game except the nationally televised ones, meaning League Pass just lost a bunch of action. But a partial solution might be coming. The new contract lays the groundwork for a service that gives fans access to ESPN games–even if they don't pay for cable.

TNT'S 2014–2015 NBA REGULAR SEASON

FINAL SCORE POINT SPREADS	WON VS. LOST	WINNING MARGIN
21+	CLIPPERS VS. NETS	39
	WARRIORS VS. PELICANS	27
	CAVALIERS VS. HEAT	26
	SPURS VS. THUNDER	25
	ROCKETS VS. KNICKS	24
	BULLS VS. SPURS	23
	BLAZERS VS. SUNS	21
	PACERS VS. KNICKS	21
	BLAZERS VS. MAVERICKS	21
16-20	BULLS VS. LAKERS	20
	BLAZERS VS. MAVERICKS	19
	ROCKETS VS. LAKERS	18
	CLIPPERS VS. HEAT	17
	ROCKETS VS. SPURS	17
	BLAZERS VS. HEAT	16
10-15	THUNDER VS. MAVERICKS	15
	BULLS VS. CAVALIERS	15
	SUNS VS. LAKERS	15
	KINGS VS. BULLS	15
	SPURS VS. HEAT	14
	WARRIORS VS. BLAZERS	14
	CAVALIERS VS. BULLS	14
	CLIPPERS VS. WARRIORS	14
	CLIPPERS VS. SUNS	11
	WARRIORS VS. BLAZERS	11
	BULLS VS. HEAT	11
	CAVALIERS VS. WARRIORS	11
	ROCKETS VS. THUNDER	11
	CAVALIERS VS. CLIPPERS	11
	THUNDER VS. LAKERS	10
	NUGGETS VS. LAKERS	10
1-9	ROCKETS VS. SUNS	9
	THUNDER VS. CAVALIERS	9
	WARRIORS VS. NETS	8
	KNICKS VS. LAKERS	7
	CAVALIERS VS. LAKERS	7
	BULLS VS. RAPTORS	7
	BULLS VS. KNICKS	6
	CLIPPERS VS. LAKERS	5
	LAKERS VS. BULLS	5
	WARRIORS VS. THUNDER	5
	KNICKS VS. CAVALIERS	5
	PACERS VS. WIZARDS	4
	WARRIORS VS. CLIPPERS	4
	SUNS VS. THUNDER	4
	CLIPPERS VS. SPURS	4
	ROCKETS VS. KINGS	4
	CAVALIERS VS. SPURS	3
	BULLS VS. THUNDER	3
	CAVALIERS VS. KNICKS	3
	CLIPPERS VS. THUNDER	3
	WARRIORS VS. SUNS	1
	SPURS VS. MAVERICKS	1

Fan Fears, Ranked

How the new union contract might impact teams, from most to least likely.

1 "MY TEAM'S PLAYERS WILL FIGHT!"

The league's top players were once barely involved in their union, but now many stars hold leadership positions. But what's good for them isn't necessarily good for their less-well-known peers; some agents fear that the expected rise in top salaries will drain team budgets, putting downward pressure on other salaries and straining relationships.

2 "THE LEAGUE WILL DROWN IN SUPERTEAMS!"

When LeBron James, Dwyane Wade, and Chris Bosh united on the Heat, they each sacrificed pay in order to play together. The new cable money will push individual team salary caps higher, meaning stars could conceivably earn way more than they currently do and yet still team up to guarantee Finals contention. It's possible that more and more stars will do just that.

3 "MY TEAM WILL LEAVE TOWN!"

Sure, now that teams are swimming in cash, local governments *might* be less inclined to fund new arenas publicly—and that *could* result in teams moving cities. But look at Wisconsin: The hedge-funder-owned Milwaukee Bucks just threatened to move unless the state chipped in for a new home, and small-government Governor Scott Walker committed $250 million.

FINAL WORDS

"PEOPLE STILL PAY GREAT SUMS TO GO TO GAMES AND BUY JERSEYS," SAYS BILL NEFF, AN AGENT WITH SAGA SPORTS IN NEW YORK. "UNTIL THAT STOPS, **LET'S BE THANKFUL WE'RE PART OF IT, AND NOT MAKE EACH OTHER LOOK STUPID.**"

CHANCE OF DISASTER

24% Percentage of 17 sports reporters we surveyed who predicted a strike or lockout.


TOYOTA
Let's Go Places
PLAY NOW
Learn more at toyota.com/tacoma
Professional drivers on closed course. Do not attempt. Prototypes shown with options. Production models may vary. Bunny head not included. ©2015 Toyota Motor Sales, U.S.A., Inc.
THE ALL-NEW TACOMA



The Iceman Melteth

How to prepare for a historic trek across the South Pole—while stuck in the summer heat.

by **MARK ABOUZEID**

Michele Pontrandolfo needs 397 pounds of stuff to survive. That's stove fuel, food, clothing, technical equipment, a tent, maps, and more, piled up on a sled that, if all goes well, he'll spend November and December (and maybe longer) dragging across a 2,400-mile, hellish Antarctic path called the Southern Pole of Inaccessibility. Temperatures can reach -58 degrees Fahrenheit. Winds will whip up to 300 miles an hour. And he will be solo, aiming to become the first person to make it across entirely alone.

But today, he is not alone. And he is hot. It's August and 100 degrees in northern Italy, where he lives, and he is looking for anything that will prepare him for the Arctic suffering. So he's come here, to a rock-strewn landscape called Magredi. It's thematically appropriate: In the spring, the place is a raging river of water from the melting Italian Alps snow. But more important, it is unforgiving—no shade, nowhere to rest, a great place to drag a 50-pound car tire across an expanse of gray stones. "It is the closest feeling to pulling a sled across one of the most inhospitable landscapes on the planet," he explains, as sweat runs down his face.

Pontrandolfo is a legend among explorers, and during his 15-year career, he has crossed Greenland, Iceland, the Arctic Ocean, the magnetic North Pole, the Southern Patagonia Ice Field, Ellesmere Island, Svalbard, and the geomagnetic North Pole—often solo. He is 43 and stands just 5'7". "When I make speeches or presentations, people are often initially disappointed. They expect someone bigger, someone more heroic," he says. But strength isn't the key to survival. "It is the mind and emotions that determine success or failure. Let fear take hold and you are dead."

Does he fear dying out there, in the great white nothing? "You can die crossing the street," he says. It is all he'll offer on the matter.

PHOTOGRAPHED BY **MARK ABOUZEID**

MAXIM
PREFERRED

NOVEMBER 2015 | EVENTS | PROMOTION | TRENDING NOW

G-SHOCK G-STEEL

Built on a solid foundation of stainless steel, G-STEEL is refined, practical and tough. The unique layered guard structure of metal and resin strikes an evolution in metal watch design. Harnessing the energy of tough solar power you'll see why G-SHOCK is Absolute Toughness.

www.gshock.com



G-SHOCK
G-STEEL



Alyeska RESORT

ALYESKA RESORT

Tucked amid the Chugach Mountains on Alaska's southcentral coast, Alyeska Resort is the place to discover the wilderness and expansive beauty of the Last Frontier.

Located just 40 miles from Anchorage and the Ted Stevens Anchorage International Airport, Alyeska Resort is your base camp for summer and winter excursions. The resort is near three national parks and the Kenai Peninsula, and surrounded by the Chugach Mountains.

www.AlyeskaResort.com



Pontrandolfo, underdressed?

During the coming trek, which could last anywhere from 60 to 80 days, he will get up every morning, break camp, and drag his sled 90 miles (in good weather) for up to 18 to 20 hours. If he needs it, he'll have a quick snack every 30 minutes. Before settling down for the night, he will build snow walls around the tent to protect against katabatic winds. These form in the low-air atmosphere above the Pole, gain speed from gravity as they descend the Arctic plains, and can reach 200 to 300 miles per hour. Hurricane Katrina, by contrast, peaked in the 170s.

The water he'll drink and use to rehydrate his food must be boiled from the snow outside, leaving little time for anything else but sleeping. Despite the climate, Michele's meals will be surprisingly versatile: lasagna, ratatouille, and almost anything else that can both please an Italian man and be freeze-dried.

Sometimes during treks, he cries all day. He isn't ashamed to admit this. Other days he prays, something he rarely does in the real world. He draws strength from his solar-powered iPod, which is loaded with early punk rock, especially the Ramones. He carries chocolate cookies, made by a pastry chef friend, and keeps them dry, safe, and properly rationed to last the voyage. They are like brain medicine, he says. The cookies keep him sane.

But these days, before the journey, that pastry chef friend provides another benefit: He lets Pontrandolfo sit inside his freezer.

It sounds absurd, but it's necessary. Polar expeditions are timed for the most favorable weather conditions. For the North Pole, this is typically from March to early May. Pontrandolfo prefers that schedule: "My body is partially accustomed to snow and freezing weather then," he says. But to hike the South Pole, he must leave while Italy is still warm. For this journey, he'll fly to Cape Town and then farther south, reaching cold temperatures only on the first day of his adventure.

And so, the freezer. It contains gelato and, sometimes, Pontrandolfo. He sits in a two-square-meter space for 45 minutes at a time, acclimating to the subfreezing temperatures. It's also a good way to test his equipment. His sponsor is the French-Italian outfitter Moncler, and the company has been adjusting his customized jackets and other protective gear based in part on what happens in the freezer. Better to find imperfections alongside bucketfuls of vanilla than when immersed in the great, icy white.

Pontrandolfo grew up wandering the woods, riding one of his many bicycles in the mountains, skiing the slopes, and doing other Alpine activities. When he came of age, he joined the military to gain more formal adventuring experience. As he sees it, he's just another tradesman using the skills he learned. His work is a natural consequence of his upbringing.

"Antarctica is different from anything I have done before. It is much longer, and the winds are a huge risk."

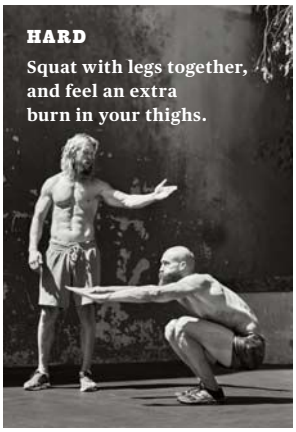
But this job takes a toll. "Antarctica is different from anything I have done before. It is much longer, and the winds are a huge risk," he says. "This may be my last expedition. I am not as young as I used to be."

Even as he says this, he admits there's still more he wants to do. He dreams of a solo journey across the geographic North Pole, another thing nobody has done. He's tried three times: Bad weather and icy conditions forced him to turn back twice; the other time, his plane couldn't even drop him at the starting point. But those are decisions for later. Today, the sun is strong and he must sweat. The freezing isn't far away. ■

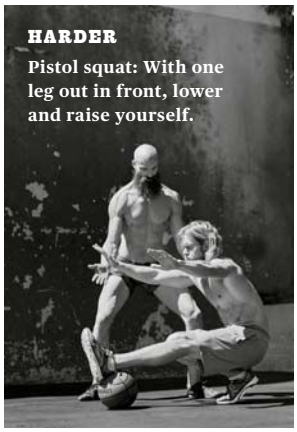
VIKING BROTHERS

Squats

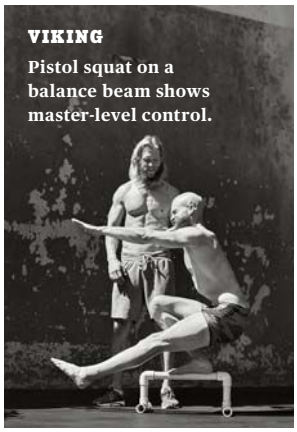
"The real strength of an athlete lies in his hips and legs," says Paul Duke, one half (with Jacob Peacock) of the Venice Beach fitness duo Viking Brothers. Build muscle and bone strength, joint health, and more just by going up and down. **See more at Maxim.com/vikingbrothers.**



HARD
Squat with legs together, and feel an extra burn in your thighs.



HARDER
Pistol squat: With one leg out in front, lower and raise yourself.



VIKING
Pistol squat on a balance beam shows master-level control.

VIKING BROTHERS, DAVID HARRY STEWART


AVAILABLE AT
Finish Line
Search ZPump at Finishline.com
Reebok
Be more human.
THE pump
PUMP TO FIT.
FIT TO ATTACK.
J.J. WATT - DEFENSIVE END
© 2015 Reebok International Limited. All Rights Reserved.



MY FAVORITE DRINK

It's a Boi!

Rapper **Big Boi** on a life-changing 20 shots of tequila.

I'VE HAD A LOT OF CRAZY nights of drinking, but only one where I ended up with a baby afterward. It was Atlanta, 1999. There was no Uber then, so I had my homeboys drive me around. We started at a strip club called the Gentlemen's Club–one of the best in the city–where we'd always order about 50 shots of Cuervo Gold for us all. I wouldn't feel nothing until after the first 10. I had an iron liver and drank a lot of water.

Something about Cuervo Gold just makes you randy. So after about 20 shots, I wanted my wife. She doesn't drink that much; she might have a vodka and cranberry or some wine. So she was back home, dead asleep. And when I got there, I didn't care if she had a bonnet, a do-rag, hair rollers–she looked like the black Marilyn Monroe to me. It was almost like a ritual, doing all those shots and going home to my wife. I snatched the covers off her and we had a good old time. It was some of the most intense lovemaking ever in history. I'm talking about, your body is just *numb*, but in a good way. And that night, we made my third child: my son.

I don't want no more kids, so I've pulled back on the Cuervo. If I got a vasectomy, maybe I'd go back to drinking 20 tequila shots. But nowadays, I'll just have a Hennessy on the rocks.

Big Boi's latest project, Big Grams, is a collaboration with the electro-pop group Phantogram. Its self-titled EP is out now.


PICK
PLAY
WIN
MAXIM
MATCHUPS
A TOTALLY NEW
WAY TO PLAY
FANTASY SPORTS
18 YEARS OF AGE OR OLDER. TERMS AND CONDITIONS APPLY. NOT A GAMBLING WEBSITE.
PARTICIPATION NOT AVAILABLE IN ARIZONA, IOWA, LOUISIANA, MICHIGAN, MONTANA, NORTH DAKOTA,
TENNESSEE, WASHINGTON, VERMONT, KANSAS, PUERTO RICO, AND WHERE PROHIBITED.
POWERED BY
GAME SPORTS NETWORK
SKILL BASED FANTASY GAMES AND PLATFORM
Download on the
App Store
MAXIM
GAME CENTER
WWW.MFSGC.COM
maximmatchups.com
Apple and the Apple logo are trademarks of Apple Inc., registered in the U.S. and other countries. App Store is a service mark of Apple Inc. The Android robot is reproduced or modified from work created and shared by Google and used according to terms described in the Creative Commons 3.0 Attribution License.

Top Shelf

The grooming essentials that a high-flying Ghost Rider keeps on base.



FIJI

With a convenient narrow-bodied shape for those on the go, the best companion at the gym is the new **FIJI Water 700mL bottle.**

1. Kiehl's Facial Fuel Moisturizer, $25; *kiehls.com.* **2.** Malin+Goetz Lip Moisturizer, $12; *malinandgoetz.com.* **3.** Listerine Original Antiseptic Mouthwash, $1.50; *pharmapacks.com*. **4.** Gold Bond Triple Action Medicated Body Powder, $7.50; *drugstore.com*. **5.** Tiger Balm Ultra Strength Ointment, $6; *walmart.com*. **6.** Warby Parker Crossfield Aviators, $145; *warbyparker.com.* **7.** Jack Black Sun Guard Sunscreen SPF 45, $21; *getjackblack.com.* **8.** Barbasol Original Shaving Cream, $2; *riteaid.com.* **9.** Baxter of California Vitamin Cleansing Bar, $16; *baxterofcalifornia.com.*

PROP STYLIST, ERIN SWIFT; WATER BOTTLE, COURTESY OF FIJI WATER

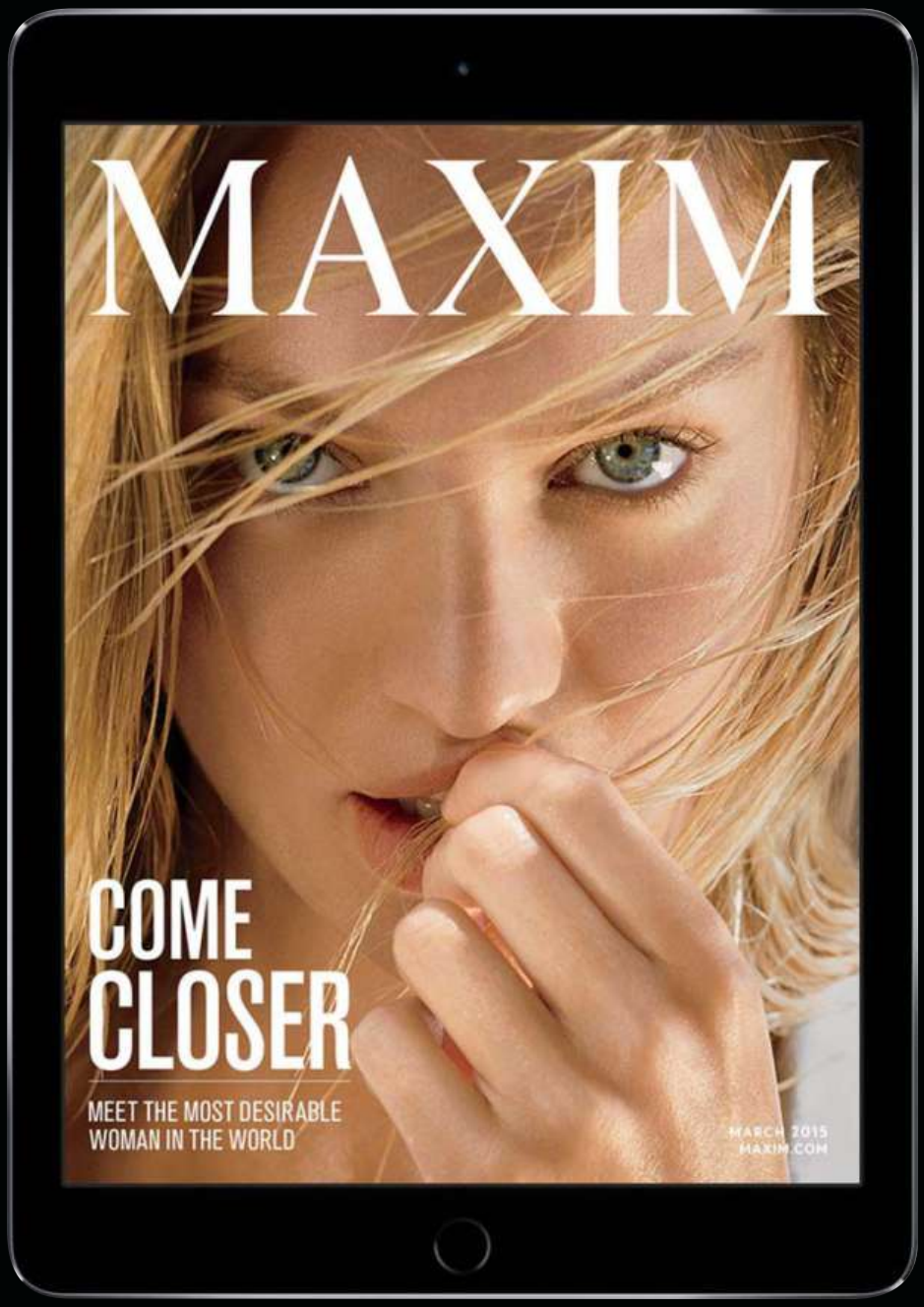
PHOTOGRAPHED BY **BRAD BRIDGERS**


paco rabanne
1 MILLION
paco rabanne
Macy's and macys.com

paco rabanne



Macy's and macys.com



SWIPE THIS MAGAZINE

Your favorite magazine is available for iPad® and iPhone.®
Download the *Maxim* digital edition from the App Store.℠

MAXIM

iPAD AND iPHONE ARE TRADEMARKS OF APPLE INC., REGISTERED IN THE U.S. AND OTHER COUNTRIES. APP STORE IS A SERVICE MARK OF APPLE INC.



Above Water

World-champion sailor **Alex Thomson** risks his life on the high seas, then comes back to land in style.

by MIKELLE STREET



PHOTOGRAPHED BY **ROBERT WYATT** STYLED BY **WAYNE GROSS**

Toast with Cinnamon!



1oz RUMCHATA + 1oz JACK DANIEL'S TENNESSEE FIRE

Visit RumChata.com for recipes

PLEASE ENJOY RESPONSIBLY.

RumChata. Caribbean Rum with Real Dairy Cream, Natural and Artificial Flavors. 13.75% alcohol by volume.
Bottled by Agave Loco Brands, Pewaukee, WI. RUMCHATA and CHATA are Registered Trademarks of Agave Loco, LLC.
JACK DANIEL'S and TENNESSEE FIRE are registered trademarks of © 2015 Jack Daniel's Properties, Inc. All rights reserved. Used with permission.



This page:
Jacket, Bottega Veneta, available at MatchesFashion.com. Roll-neck sweater, Boss.

Previous page:
(*Top*) Coat, Boss. Watch, Timex. (*Bottom*) Coat and shoes, Boss. Sweater and pants, Brunello Cucinelli. Hat, Ami, available at MatchesFashion.com. Watch, Timex.



Alex Thomson was staring at a 50-foot wave somewhere between Africa and Antarctica, where water temperatures drop below freezing and rescue services are hours away. That's when his keel–the mechanism that keeps a boat upright–snapped in half, capsizing the vessel and turning it into a death trap. This was 2006, and the sailor had been battling for second place, three weeks into a round-the-world race. He spent the next hour and a half weathering a storm in a life raft, and was finally rescued by a competitor. To get to safety, he needed to fire a line to the other guy's boat–but the line tightened around Thomson's hand and broke it in three places. Then, finally, when he was on board, the mast of this *new* ship folded. "It was a really bad day at the office," Thomson says now, with a laugh.

Thomson is known as a "yachter," but that term may mislead anyone not schooled in the lingo of racing. He's not popping bubbly on a floating condo. The skipper's office is a custom-built, 60-foot, carbon-fiber racing machine, made for competing in months-long, dangerous voyages that he often undertakes alone. "As soon as you lose sight of land," he says, "it gives you perspective of how small we are as a human race. I find that very humbling."

Thomson eased his way out to sea. At 11, he began windsurfing. By 14, it was on to dinghies. At 25, he became the youngest sailor to win a round-the-world race. And now, at 41, he has held three world records, including Britain's speed record for a solo 24-hour sail on a ship with a single hull. He went 468 nautical miles at an average speed of 19.5 knots.

That stumble in the Southern Ocean is the kind of

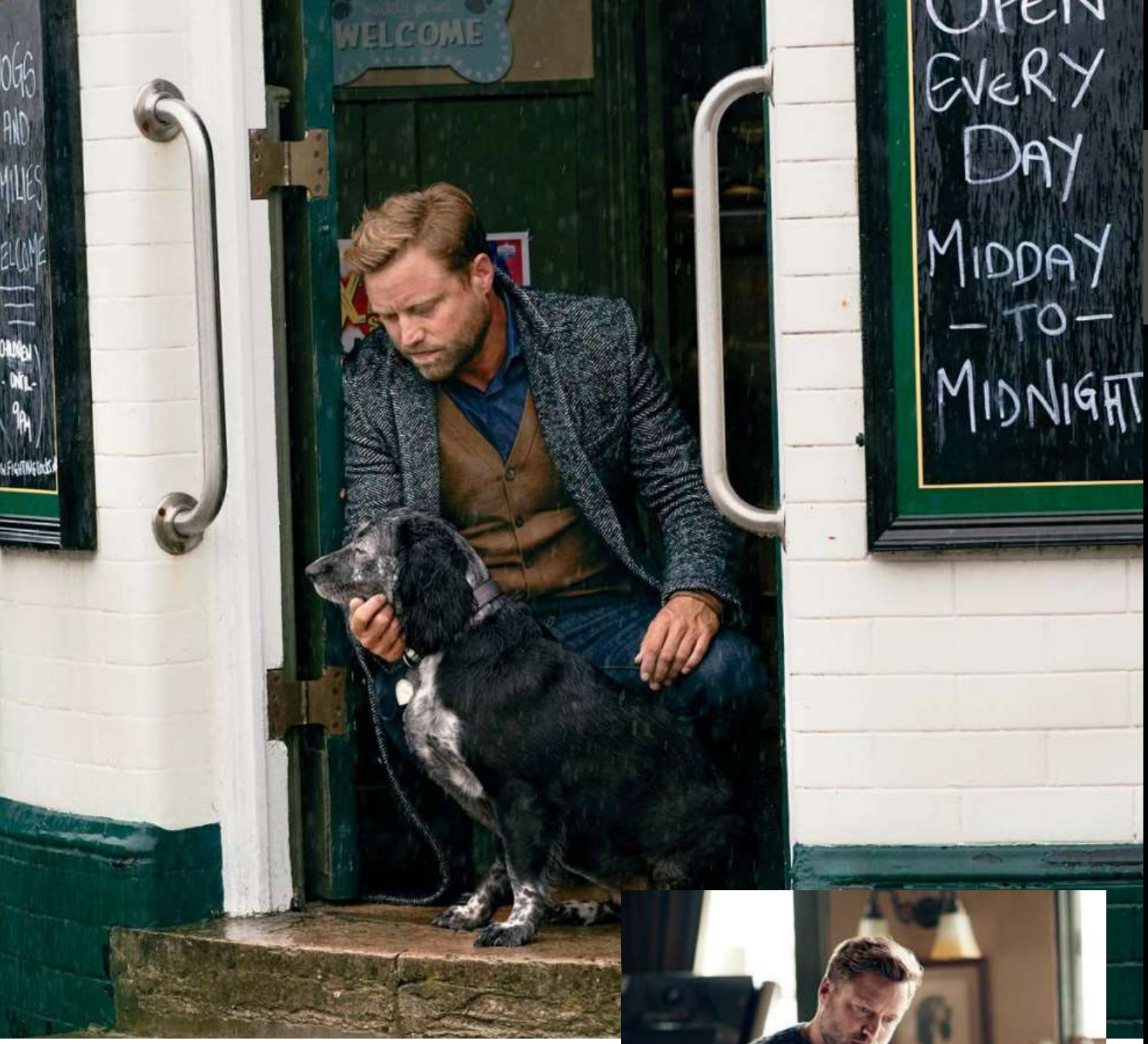
"As soon as you lose sight of land, it gives you perspective of how small we are as a human race."

SUBSCRIBE TO

MAXIM

FOR AS LOW AS $1.25
AN ISSUE

TAP TO
SUBSCRIBE





(*Top*) Coat, Ami, available at MatchesFashion.com. Sweater and shirt, Boss. Jeans, Tom Ford. (*Bottom*) Sweater, Bottega Veneta, available at MatchesFashion.com.

risk he's willing to take. He and his rescuer spent 15 hours fighting huge waves and a blizzard while repairing the broken mast, before sailing to Cape Town over seven days. Once on land, he was eager to race again. "It's one of the most challenging things you can do," he says. Consider our most popular sports: They're an hour or so of play, broken up with timeouts and intermissions. But sailing? "Being in a competitive environment 24 hours a day, seven days a week for 12 weeks is the right kind of work environment for me."

Now Thomson is changing ships. After two years of design and another year of building, his new vessel–which, like his old one, is named after his sponsor Hugo Boss–debuts on October 25 in a race called the Transat Jacques Vabre. It takes place over 5,400 miles, from Le Havre, France, to Itajaí, Brazil. But the untiring competitor is realistic: "It's not something we expect to win," he says, though he's placed second in it before. Instead, the race is a chance to settle into his new boat and prepare for next November's Vendée Globe, the pinnacle event in round-the world, solo, nonstop racing. That's a 26,000-mile ordeal he does hope to dominate. ■

DANIEL STEIGER

S.R.P $795

NOW ONLY **$99**

88% OFF - (Saving you $696) + S&P



The Daniel Steiger

LAZERBLUE

- Lazer Blue Crystal Face
- Luminous Markers & Hands
- Two-Tone 18K Gold Plated
- Alarm & Stopwatch
- Digital & Analogue Displays
- Magnificent Presentation Case Included
- Water-Resistant To 3 ATMs
- Backlight Display
- Seconds Display
- Day Indicator
- Metal Band
- 5 Year Unlimited Movement Warranty



Also Available In Gold & Steel Color Versions

CALL NOW TOLL FREE 24/7 ON 1-877 550 9876

Quote promo code MA5CLZ

Or order online at www.timepiecesusa.com/ma5c

Timepieces International Inc, 12800 N.W. South River Drive, Medley, FL 33178

“Being in a competitive environment 24/7 for 12 weeks is the right kind of work environment for me.”

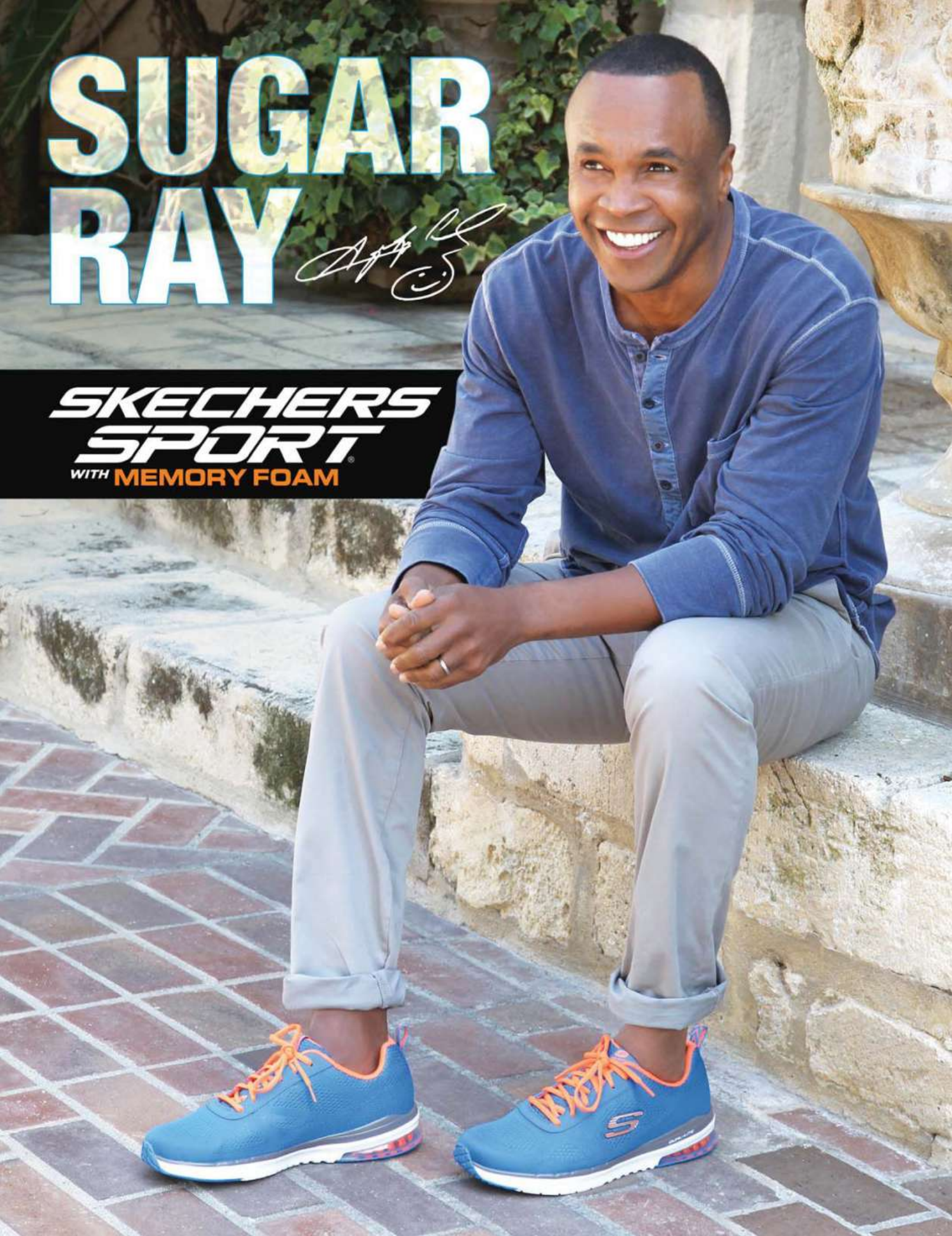




(*Above*) Coat and pants, Boss. Shoes, Burberry Prorsum. (*Left*) Suit and tie, Boss. Shirt, Ami, available at MatchesFashion.com. Shoes, Boss.

GROOMER, KEVIN FORD AT PHAMOUS ARTISTS

FOR MORE INFORMATION, SEE PAGE 100.


SUGAR RAY
SKECHERS SPORT
WITH MEMORY FOAM

GRAND

MILLION DOLLAR FINISH

PLAY MILLION DOLLAR FINISH
FOR A CHANCE AT WINNING A QUICK
$1 MILLION

SIGN UP FOR FREE TODAY AT
MILLIONDOLLARFINISH.COM




SLAM
2015 WORLD CHAMPIONSHIPS
Breeders' Cup
LEXINGTON
KENTUCKY
WATCH TRIPLE CROWN WINNER
AMERICAN PHAROAH
GO FOR HORSE RACING'S
FIRST-EVER GRAND SLAM
IN THE BREEDERS' CUP CLASSIC
TUNE IN SAT. OCT. 31
4PM E.T. ON NBC

DON'T BE ANTISOCIAL

FOLLOW MAXIM EVERYWHERE



MAXIM

MODEL SUBMISSIONS

As the home of the hottest girls in the world, Maxim is always looking for fresh faces. If you think you have what it takes to be featured in the magazine, on Maxim.com or a model at our Maxim events, send us your photos for a chance to be considered.

TAP TO SUBMIT YOUR APPLICATION

MAXIM

HOT LIST

THE MONTH IN MOVIES, MUSIC, BOOKS, TV, STYLE & MORE



1

THE ACTRESS

JULIE ENGELBRECHT IS PERFECTLY ENCHANTING.

JULIE ENGELBRECHT may play a sorceress in her new film, *The Last Witch Hunter*, out this month, but the spell she casts on-screen with costar Vin Diesel is no trick. The Paris-born newcomer has been at it for years. Her mother, also an actress, used to take her on set as a baby–and something clearly rubbed off. "I did my first audition at 12," she recalls, "and I got the movie!" *–Mikelle Street*

JUST ASK

Add gelato to my shopping list.

How is traffic?

What's on my calendar today?

Set a timer for 3 minutes.

Play my "New Artists" Playlist.

What's the news today?

What's the weather like this weekend?

Turn off the lights.



Amazon Echo is designed around your voice. It's hands-free and always on to answer questions, play music, read the news and check sports scores, traffic, the weather and much more. Just ask.

INTRODUCING

amazon echo





The scene at Red Rooster.

2 THE NIGHT OUT

A NIGHTLIFE GUIDE TO HARLEM, COURTESY OF RAPPER **A$AP FERG.**



SINCE THE release of his 2013 debut, A$AP Ferg has grown accustomed to life on the road. But when he gets some downtime, he always returns to where it all began. "Harlem just has more soul than other places," he says. With his sophomore record, *Always Strive and Prosper*, out this month, the native son offers an all-night neighborhood party guide.

Dinner
"Amy Ruth's is dumb good. I always go for the fried chicken, potato salad, and collard greens. And I love this drink called the sunrise—lemonade, fruit punch, and a hit of orange juice."

Pregame
"Red Rooster is where you go for drinks, and to do the lounge thing. The vibe is Harlem Renaissance—very jazzy, very nice. A lot of fancy people with nice clothes."

Party
"If you want to go to a hood, turned-up party, then you got to go downtown, to the Griffin. That's where you go to hear hip-hop. It's all about the bottle service and the big booty fixin'."

After-Party
"The after-party? My house. Always."

The Hangover
"Corner Social in Harlem. If I don't feel like eating meat, I go there for the eggplant lasagna."

3 THE VIDEO GAME

IS IT TIME ONCE AGAIN TO HEED THE *CALL*?



WAR IS HELL. AND for die-hard fans of the blockbuster *Call of Duty* franchise, the last few deployments have been hellishly dull. A series of lackluster installments have earned the game's makers a reputation for recycling old features under shiny new veneers, and some serious battle fatigue has set in.

But with its frenetic new game, *Black Ops III*, the Treyarch team has finally come up with something worth fighting for. The year is 2065. War has evolved. Elite Black Ops soldiers with technologically advanced capabilities are on the front lines, fighting humanity's battles.

It's not a pretty picture.

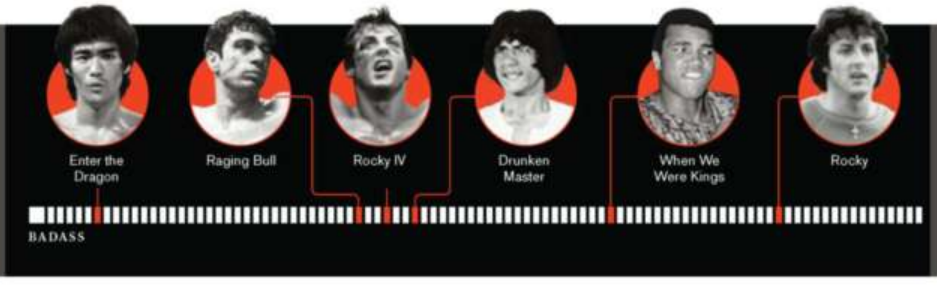
Players are tasked with guiding several Black Ops soldiers through a futuristic world rife with high-tech weaponry. Jetpacks, nanodrone-filled mines, and cybernetically enhanced soldiers have replaced the AK-47s and Mosin-Nagants of games past. The future is all about technology, and it's a total nightmare.

Both campaign and multiplayer modes offer a high-adrenaline experience. Players can either conceal their movements and strike from the shadows or go in, guns blazing, for kamikaze shoot-outs. It's pretty spectacular.

Naturally, we oppose war. Peace and harmony are much preferred. But until they come out with *Kumbaya: The Game*, we're not opposed to taking up arms, at least virtually, when necessary. Sometimes duty calls.
–Brittany Vincent

4 FIGHT CLUB

AS *CREED* PUNCHES INTO THEATERS, WE RANK THE GREATEST MOVIE FIGHTERS.



DON'T BE ANTISOCIAL

FOLLOW MAXIM EVERYWHERE



MAXIM

SUBSCRIBE TO

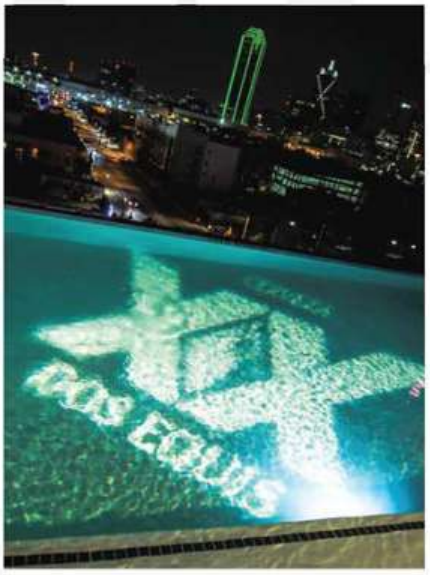
MAXIM

FOR AS LOW AS $1.25
AN ISSUE

TAP TO
SUBSCRIBE









CERVEZA XX DOS EQUIS

LUNA RISING

Maxim and Dos Equis celebrated the finale event of Luna Rising at the NYLO Dallas South Side under the full moon with over 700+ influencers, tastemakers, and VIPs within the Dallas area. The event featured live performances and a popular DJ to create unforgettable moments for consumers while they enjoyed Dos Equis.











5 THE SURVIVORS

EVERY GREAT HORROR MOVIE NEEDS A "FINAL GIRL." HERE, OUR FAVORITES.

THIS OCTOBER WILL introduce us to *The Final Girls*, a metahorror comedy that finds a group of attractive teens (including Taissa Farmiga and Nina Dobrev) mysteriously transported into an '80s slasher flick with no real means of escape. The film pays homage to scary-movie classics by poking fun at their stigmata of sex and over-the-top acting as the surefire way to end up on the wrong side of a machete. What makes a final girl? In essence, it's the bodies that pile up around her while our heroine fights on to the end credits. Here, our favorite final girls, plus the number of victims each outlives. It's time these implacable survivors finally got their due. They've suffered enough.
–Sean Abrams



JENNIFER LOVE HEWITT
I KNOW WHAT YOU DID LAST SUMMER, 1997
5 VICTIMS
"What're you waiting for, huh? What're you waiting for?!"

JANE LEVY
EVIL DEAD, 2013
4 VICTIMS
"Feast on this, motherfucker."

JAMIE LEE CURTIS
HALLOWEEN, 1978
4 VICTIMS
"You know, Annie, someday you're going to get us all into deep trouble."

KRISTEN CONNOLLY
THE CABIN IN THE WOODS, 2012
3 VICTIMS
"An army of nightmares, huh? Let's get this party started."

MARILYN BURNS
THE TEXAS CHAINSAW MASSACRE, 1974
5 VICTIMS
"You're crazy! Please, you've got to make them stop."

MAIKA MONROE
IT FOLLOWS, 2014
2 VICTIMS
"It was never about going anywhere, just having some kind of freedom, I guess. Now that we're old enough, where the hell do we go?"

KATIE CASSIDY
BLACK CHRISTMAS, 2006
11 VICTIMS
"We lock up the house, we got the fireplace poker, a ski pole or some shit, and for the next two hours not let each other out of our sights."

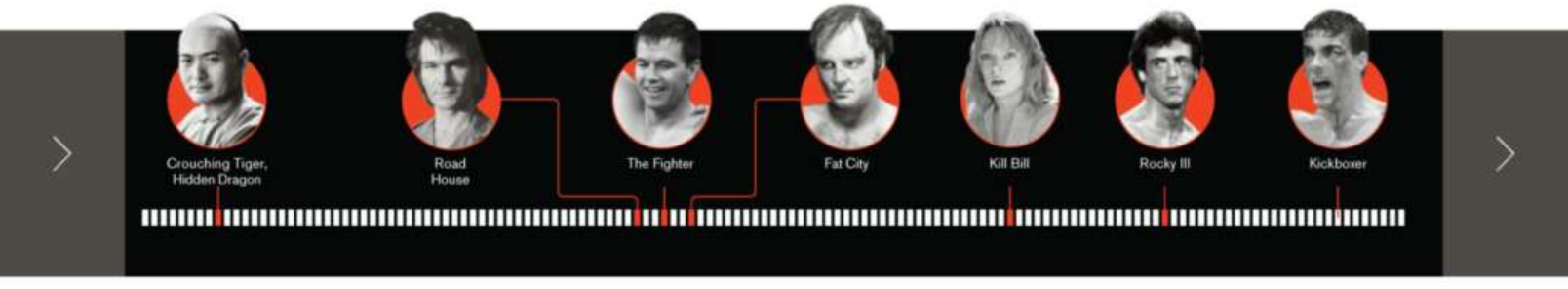
SHARNI VINSON
YOU'RE NEXT, 2011
8 VICTIMS
"I stuck a blender in his head and killed him."

JOCELIN DONAHUE
THE HOUSE OF THE DEVIL, 2009
3 VICTIMS
"This one night changes everything for me."

HEATHER LANGENKAMP
A NIGHTMARE ON ELM STREET, 1984
4 VICTIMS
"I grab the guy in my dream. You see me struggling, so you wake me up. We both come out, you whack the fucker, and we got him."

SIGOURNEY WEAVER
ALIEN, 1979
5 VICTIMS
"We'll go step-by-step and cut off every bulkhead and every vent until we have it cornered. And then we'll blow it the fuck out into space! Is that acceptable to you?"

NEVE CAMPBELL
SCREAM, 1996
5 VICTIMS
"They're all the same: some stupid killer stalking some big-breasted girl who can't act, who is always running up the stairs when she should be going out the front door. It's insulting."



GO BIG ~~or~~ *and* GO HOME





STEAK N SHAKE®

BY Bigfan

NOW AVAILABLE AT SELECT RETAILERS

6 THE DYSTOPIA

THE MAN IN THE HIGH CASTLE ENVISIONS WHAT WOULD HAPPEN IF WORLD WAR II ENDED DIFFERENTLY.

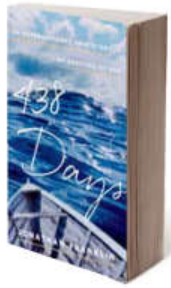


EVERYONE knows the Allied forces won World War II. Or did they? That's the premise of the new Amazon series *The Man in the High Castle*. Based on the novel by science-fiction maestro Philip K. Dick, the show imagines what America would look like in 1962 had the Axis triumphed. The West Coast is controlled by Japan, the East Coast by the Third Reich, and nobody's having any fun. But when young San Franciscan Juliana Crain (Alexa Davalos) comes into possession of an illicit film reel full of footage of the Allies winning the war, she becomes suspicious. After fleeing to the Neutral Zone, she encounters Joe Blake (Luke Kleintank), a New Yorker who appears to be in the underground resistance movement and who's hiding a dangerous secret. When the first episode debuted in January, it immediately became the most popular entry in Amazon's pilot competition. It's easy to see why: The elaborate dystopian backdrop and white-knuckle plot twists make for a show that's begging to be binged when it's released on November 20. *–Gabriella Paiella*

The show imagines what America would look like had the Axis triumphed.

7 THE BOOKS

STORIES OF SURVIVAL AND REDEMPTION.



438 Days
by Jonathan Franklin In January 2014, a bearded and bedraggled fisherman washed ashore in the Marshall Islands after drifting at sea for 438 days—the first man known to have survived alone that long. This book tells his wild story. Spoiler: Being adrift sucks. He spends days conversing with the corpse of a fellow fisherman, decapitating birds for food, and hiding from the sun inside a tiny cooler.



The Heart You Carry Home
by Jennifer Miller In 1969, an army unit stumbles upon a statue of Hindu warrior goddess Durga and an experience that will change their lives. Decades later, the group's commander summons his battle-scarred brothers to the Utah desert for a spiritual reckoning. The result is a gripping tale of combat veterans bridging the distance between battlefield and home front.

8 THE BAND

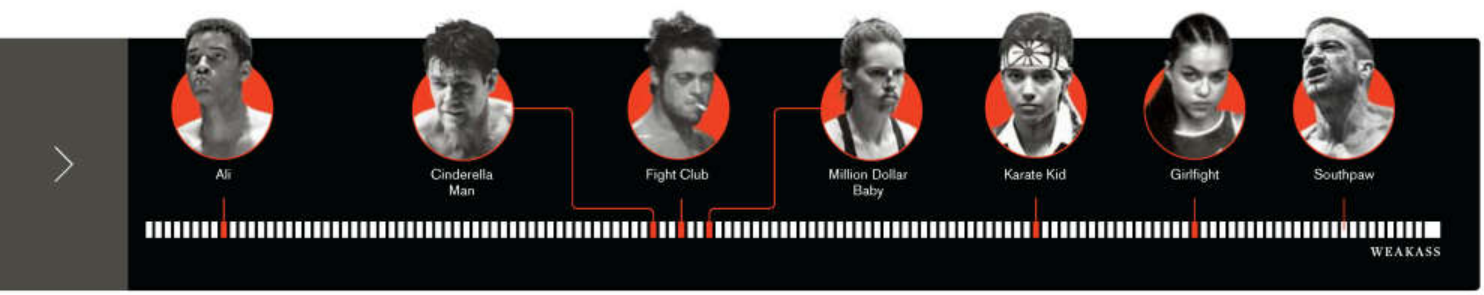
THE FUZZ IS ON THE CASE.

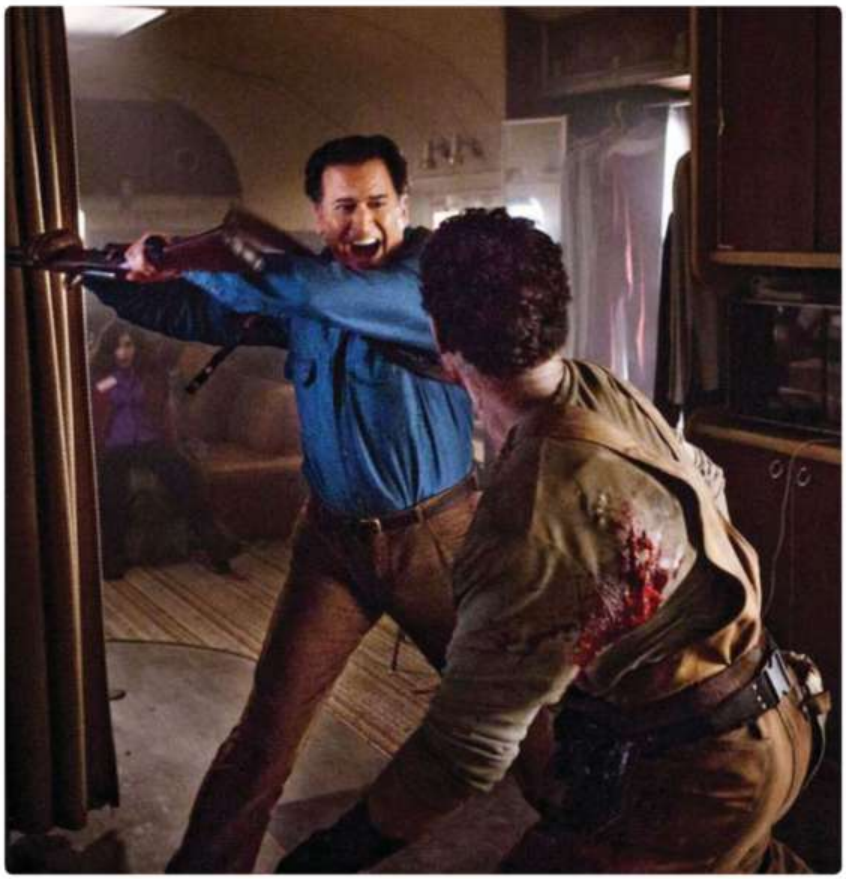


THE ROCK 'N' ROLL power trio may not seem like much–just guitar, bass, and drums–but it sure can stir up a tsunami of musical mayhem. "It's a time-tested formula that has always worked," Ty Segall says, referencing iconic trios like Cream, the Jimi Hendrix Experience, and ZZ Top. "It's a wall of force with enough room for everyone to breathe." As a member of Fuzz, a three-piece, jam-based riff machine of a band specializing in grinding guitars, swinging drums, and legions of low end, the multi-instrumentalist knows from firsthand experience.

On their second album, *Fuzz II* (due October 23), the three friends–Segall on drums, guitarist Charles Moothart, and bassist Chad Ubovich–pick up right where their pummeling, proto-metal, self-titled 2013 debut left off. On the manic "Bringer of Light," the band channels vintage Black Sabbath, Segall's voice an appealingly Ozzy-esque shadowy snicker; "Red Flag," by comparison, is nothing more than 110 seconds of earsplitting punk riot fury; and on "II," a 13-minute-plus prog-rock epic, dudes stretch out in a major way.

For his several other bands, the absurdly prolific Segall typically writes by his lonesome "in a room all day long with no light, drinking 12 cups of coffee," as he puts it. But most of the Fuzz's impressive canon was constructed by the group as a whole. "It's a very amazing chemical formula," Segall offers. "It's really communal. And that's the beauty of collaboration. You never really know how something is going to end up." *–Dan Hyman*





9 THE VETERAN

BLOOD, GUTS, AND BOOMSTICKS: TALKING TO **BRUCE CAMPBELL.**

TWENTY-THREE years and unspeakable gallons of blood later, everyone's favorite one-handed buffoon is back for yet another splatterfest. Ashley "Ash" J. Williams (Bruce Campbell), the title character from Sam Raimi's cult-classic *Evil Dead* trilogy, heads up *Ash vs Evil Dead*, the 10-episode Starz series set for resurrection October 31. Here, a chat with the ultimate survivor. —*Sean Abrams*

So what has Ash been up to?
He lives in a shithole, he's got no job, he's missing a hand, and he goes to bars whining about it. He's gone nowhere for 30 years.

Does he have new skills at his disposal now?
Not really; he's kind of an idiot. You have to understand that. We got a note from the studio one time about how Ash should handle a gun, and our reply was that Ash wouldn't know how to do that. He's not a trained soldier, he's not a spy, he's not FBI. And that's why I like him. He's just a guy.

What's it mean for Ash that the action is moving out from the woods?
It means he's going to grow as a human being and he has to interact with other people and learn to play nice, which isn't easy for him. He realizes he can't do this alone. He has to become a leader.

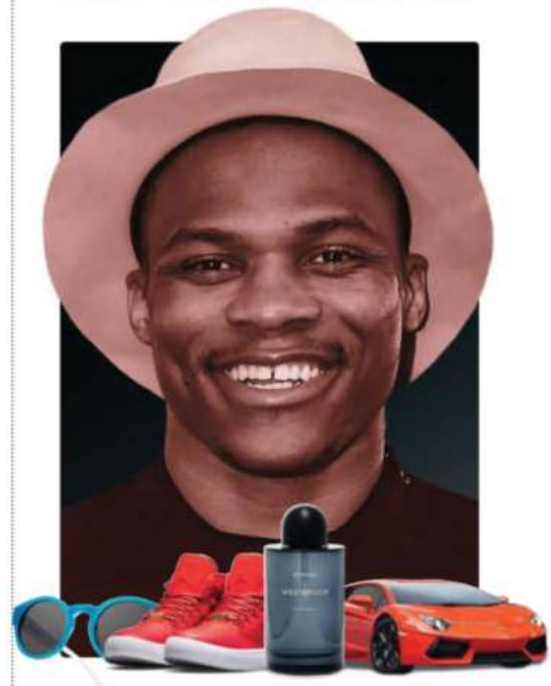
Presumably there are more accessories to strap to his stump.
Definitely. Use your imagination. Anything is game. The other nice thing is technology alone on film sets has allowed us to have better blood-delivery systems, literally spewing. The old days it was a guy blowing blood through a tube from his mouth into an actor's face. Now it's all pressurized.

So how will the series compare to the films?
It's going to kind of be like watching a movie from the '80s. The approach is much more old-school. Our demons are nasty. They're scary. But they are not zombies. Everyone uses that term, but they're deadites. They're smart, aggressive, tricky; they can pretend like they're normal, they can drive cars, they can use your own shotgun against you. They'll grab your chain saw and fuck you up. They're a force to be reckoned with.

Any survival advice for first-time horror-movie characters?
Don't read from creepy books. Don't go into creepy houses or the basement. Don't go check out something alone. All the rules apply. There's just so many things you shouldn't do that everybody does, and that's why they die.

10 THE TASTEMAKER

OKLAHOMA CITY THUNDER STAR **RUSSELL WESTBROOK** ON HIS OFF-THE-COURT INDULGENCES.



Car: "Lamborghini Aventador, one of the fastest cars in the world."
Hotel: "Trump SoHo, in New York City. A great location, and you can walk to a ton of shops and restaurants."
Meal: "Burgers and fries are my favorite, but I try not to eat them too much."
Scent: "Westbrook x Byredo, of course! But you really can't go wrong with anything by Byredo."
Style icon: "My mom. She always dressed me growing up, and taught me and my brother about style."

"Burgers and fries are my favorite, but I try not to eat them too much."

Watch: "Zenith El Primero. You can dress it up or down—it's a classic look that goes with everything."
Jeans: "I have a lot of pairs, but I find that True Religion fit me the best."
Sneakers: "Jordans. Everyone loves to rock the retros, but the Westbrook 0 just came out and it looks pretty nice, if I do say so myself."
Signature accessory: "I love to accentuate my outfits with a pair of Westbrook Frames—regular glasses or sunglasses, with or without lenses."
Shaver: "I have never shaved a day in my life. I just don't really grow facial hair."
Workout: "There is no better workout than running the sand dunes in Manhattan Beach Park in Brooklyn."

QUICKIES

A GUIDE TO EVERYONE'S FAVORITE FEW MINUTES.

by ALI DRUCKER



LITMUS TEST

When She's Into a Quickie

YES

At your cousin's wedding. You rented a tux, I'm wearing a bridesmaid dress I hate, and we shelled out a month's salary on airfare and an artisanal waffle maker the happy couple will probably never use. We did not do this for a dry filet mignon. If someone's getting married, we should at least be getting off.

MAYBE

At your cousin's dinner party. There is a moment of opportunity. It comes after we've all gotten up from the table, when the alcohol keeps flowing, when it seems we'll all be here a while, and when I've run out of things to say to whoever has cornered me. This is when you rescue me. I'll need a pick-me-up before returning to the crowd.

NO

At your cousin's baby shower. A quickie is supposed to make me feel sexy, not like a train wreck. Do I want to feign enthusiasm over tiny pants? I don't. But I do it because it is expected of me, and because I don't make the rules. Let me be a (temporarily) responsible adult. There's no need to rub in all the sex these new parents won't be having.

AND BETTER STILL

Just before *Conan* is on. In a (private) karaoke booth. On the kitchen counter. In the shower, before soap. In the club bathroom. On our lunch break. Before a long car ride, because it'll be a while.

OR IF YOU'RE LUCKY

Before work, if I'm not running late. In a movie theater. When I have a cold. After the gym. At Coachella. At a playground, at night. Out on a first Tinder date, because our roommates are home.

UH. . . YOU WISH

While stuck in traffic. While grocery shopping. At your niece's ballet recital. When the walls are too thin. After an episode of *The Walking Dead*. At a theme park. On the beach, because sand isn't worth it.

THE ARGUMENT

The Best Time Is Any Time

HE STANDS BEHIND HER, gripping her naked waist. She braces herself, forearms pressed against the dressing-room wall. One minute and 15 seconds later, climax reached, it's over. The couple gets dressed and rejoins the world–but a video of their brief tryst makes its way online, is viewed more than three million times, and turns the store, a Beijing Uniqlo, into an international tourist destination. The footage has earned its spot as this year's most viral quickie, but it's certainly not the only one. Another pair gained fame for a fast ride in a Boston subway station. A British couple got busy in a phone booth, became local celebrities, then proudly let a reporter interview them outside the fateful box. And there were many more.

No other act in our sex arsenal marries lust, convenience, and sinful impulsivity like the quickie–and now, in the smartphone age, a public rendezvous can make for viral gold, too. But the quickie isn't just a social-media stunt or a crutch for lackluster bedroom longevity. Women still want to go all night, and we always will–because in all likelihood, a quickie won't be the greatest sex of our life. It means navigating awkward positions, and odds are she won't get off. But the rapid spike of anticipation, followed by an instant gratification, is something no marathon session can match. When the right moment strikes, giving in to the urgency of the feeling–however irrational, however ill-considered–makes it exponentially hotter.

That's why these viral videos are more than just gawk-worthy. For women, they deliver a fantasy played out in pixels. It's an incredible turn-on to know our men crave us so deeply that they don't want to wait, like the decadent dessert that makes you skip dinner altogether. And yet, it's scary getting busy where you don't belong. The videos can function like a public service–a collective coming out that proudly shouts, "Look! See! We all do it!" Maybe don't get going on a public fountain like a Russian couple did recently–we're not all exhibitionists, and jail isn't sexy–but if a man is bold enough to entice a woman past some closed door, I'm telling you: She will follow.

ABOUT LAST NIGHT

"I had sex with a guy in a cab after meeting him that same night." –Casey*, 28

Back up; where did you guys meet?
I was at a rooftop party with a bunch of girlfriends and made eyes with a guy wearing, of all things, a denim vest. I complimented him on it because he stood out. And because he was good-looking.

But be real—were you into the denim vest at all?
I was just looking for an excuse to talk to him. We started flirting, and as the party was shutting down, we exchanged numbers. But he was really playful and engaging—like, he seemed very into it—and so I decided I didn't want to wait, and I left with him.

Here comes the cab!
Yeah. We got stuck in traffic with about 40 blocks to go, and we started making out. And then the making out got heavier—you know, bodies shifting into position. Before I knew it, I was lying down with my head against the door and he was on top of me. I was wearing a dress, so my skirt was hiked up.

Still, there's a big leap between that and backseat sex.
We were sort of dancing around it, but we couldn't pretend that we both weren't thinking about it. I don't think either of us actually intended to have sex in a cab, but my panties came off and then it was just sort of... happening! Once we got started, we both just went for it.

Did the cabdriver notice?
Not at first. Then we were driving up an empty street, and the cabbie turned around quickly, did a double take, and said, "Are you fucking her? Are you fucking her?" And he pulled over.

Oh my God. While you're still having sex?
Yep.

What did you do?
We stopped pretty quickly and just said, "No. No. No. No. Keep driving. Do not stop right now."

Were you anywhere near his place?
We were close. He kept driving, and we collected ourselves. Then the cab pulled up to his apartment building, and I bolted out, panties in hand. And the driver yelled out to the doorman, "He was fucking her!"

The cabbie completely blew up your spot.
Completely. But you know, in the heat of the moment, we were kinda fine with that. Like, there was no real harm done.

So what then? Was the mood ruined?
Oh, no. We went up to his place and got back to it. And the next morning, my girlfriends made fun of me for going home with a guy in a vest.

*NAME HAS BEEN CHANGED

GET EXCLUSIVE ACCESS

TAP TO SIGN UP FOR YOUR WEEKLY MAXIM NEWSLETTER

MAXIM

SUBSCRIBE TO

MAXIM

FOR AS LOW AS $1.25
AN ISSUE

TAP TO
SUBSCRIBE

FRENCH PERFECTION

THE RAVISHING LÉA SEYDOUX HAS A FLING WITH 007, BUT PLEASE DON'T CALL HER A BOND GIRL.

by Gabriella Paiella



PHOTOGRAPHED BY **H&K/CPI SYNDICATION**



It was hardly a typical introduction for a would-be Hollywood superstar, but the first time most of us laid eyes on Léa Seydoux, her hair was cropped and dyed blue and she was playing a lesbian art student with a taste for Sartre and strawberry milk.

Unexpectedly, that French-language indie film, *Blue Is the Warmest Color,* became a global hit. (Maybe it had something to do with the seven-minute sex scene, which *The New York Times* deemed "longer and more literal than anything you are likely to encounter outside of pornography.") In any case, Seydoux was soon the hottest French export since Champagne. And a few more art films later, she has landed the female lead in this November's *Spectre*. Technically, she's a "Bond girl"–a charter member of that lithe, busty cinematic sisterhood (often named with extremely heavy-handed innuendo) who turn up as eye candy in the long-running spy franchise, relegated to playing second fiddle to 007. Or they used to be.

First off, we're not supposed to call them Bond girls anymore. As director Sam Mendes made clear when he introduced Seydoux's and her costar Monica Bellucci's characters to the public, these are very much Bond women.

Indeed, Seydoux's character, Dr. Madeleine Swann, is more or less a thorough reinvention of the role. "She's not a generic Bond girl," Seydoux says. "She's complex and equal. She's more of an intellectual. It's the first time you see a woman in front of him with that power."

"What we especially love about Léa is that you always feel her soul coming through," says Barbara Broccoli, who produced the movie with Michael G. Wilson.

Seydoux, 30, certainly looks the part. She radiates quintessential French-girl cool, with tousled hair; soft, pouting lips; and an arresting gaze that's equal parts sultry and intimidating. But when she cracks a smile, she reveals a disarming gap-toothed grin–a seeming imperfection that only serves to make her more irresistible.

Seydoux's previous performances indicate that she has the je ne sais quoi to steer the role into new territory. She had bit parts in Woody Allen's *Midnight in Paris* and Quentin Tarantino's *Inglourious Basterds,* making a memorable impression in each. She's also no stranger to the action blockbuster, having offered a deliciously evil turn as an assassin in *Mission: Impossible–Ghost Protocol*. And, of course, there was *Blue Is the Warmest Color*. The film, which contained some of the most erotic cinematic moments of all time, was not without controversy. Seydoux and her costar, Adèle Exarchopoulos, criticized director Abdellatif Kechiche for his demanding style of filmmaking–which required both women to commit a grueling 10 days of production for the sex scene alone. Although Seydoux subsequently has said that filming the infamous scene made her feel "humiliated" and "like a prostitute," she now insists she has no regrets. "It was difficult at times," she tells *Maxim,* "because we were in France, and it's not really protective of actors. I don't think something like this could happen in America.

"I'm very proud of the film," Seydoux adds. "I suffered, but it was also my choice to make it."

Seydoux grew up around the entertainment business–her mother, Valérie Schlumberger, was an actress until she pivoted into philanthropy, and her grandfather, Jérôme Seydoux, is the co-chairman of Pathé, France's largest production and distribution company. Léa trained as a vocalist and aspired to sing classical opera until she befriended an actor who inspired her to change paths. "He was amazing," she recalls. "He was so free." She also credits her frequent traveling–to Senegal, where her mother worked and lived, and America, where she attended summer camp to learn English–with forcing her to adapt and helping her hone her role-play skills.

Seydoux's globetrotting also led her to her boyfriend, a young producer she met in Venice. The most important trait she looks for in a guy? "I like a man who can respect a woman," she shares. "When he's real attentive, I think that is very manly. To respect a woman is divine."

Despite her powerful on-screen presence, Seydoux insists she's incredibly shy. Before taking on a new project, she says, "I'm always scared, because I don't know if I'm going to be able to do it." She certainly hides it well. Watch the Gallic beauty in any movie or look up her nude photo shoots for American Apparel and *Lui,* and she projects nothing but steely confidence. It's this quality that makes her so captivating. Despite her youth, she is timeless, emanating an intoxicating air of mystery and erotic power that bring to mind the larger-than-life silver-screen sirens of Old Hollywood.

'I like a man who can respect a woman.'

As for what's next, Seydoux was recently offered the female lead, Bella Donna Boudreaux, opposite Channing Tatum in the *X-Men* spin-off *Gambit.* The indie darling we got acquainted with via subtitled imports is officially in the tentpole big leagues. Such films require a special ability to hold the audience's attention while sharing the screen with high-budget effects sequences and big-ticket explosions–perfect vehicles for Seydoux. We can't take our eyes off her. ■



MOUNTAIN CLIMBER **KÍLIAN JORNET** IS ON A MISSION TO SCALE THE WORLD'S HIGHEST PEAKS FASTER THAN ANY MAN ALIVE. THERE'S JUST ONE PROBLEM: SO IS **KARL EGLOFF.**

by Gordy Megroz

RACE TO

TOP



THE

THE COMPETITION IS TRYING TO GET Kílian Jornet Burgada drunk. It's the second week of July, and Jornet, 27, has traveled from his home in Chamonix, France, to Silverton, Colorado–a speck of an old mining town, population about 600–to take on the Hardrock 100, a 100-mile footrace through the surrounding San Juan Mountains. A few minutes ago, a runner wearing a hat that read LIVING THE FUCKING DREAM told him there would be tequila available at one of the aid stations during tomorrow's event. Now a couple of runners are proposing a midafternoon spirit at the local saloon.

"Want to go do a shot?" one asks.

"Ha!" Jornet says. "Yeah?"

"Yes! It's my friend's birthday tomorrow and we need to celebrate."

It's a decent strategy to try to slow down Jornet, the Hardrock's defending champ, but it's not working. "I actually don't like to drink," he tells me. Besides, even a hangover might not stymie the man some consider the greatest endurance athlete of all time.

Jornet has, in just 10 years, won nearly 100 ultrarunning events, which are defined as races longer than 31 miles. Six of the past seven years, he has claimed the Skyrunner World Series title, the most prestigious award in mountain running. In the winter, instead of hanging up his sneakers and taking a sauna, he competes in ski mountaineering races, in which athletes climb several thousand feet up snowy peaks, ski down, and then do it again for hours. In that sport, Jornet has four overall World Cup titles. And he doesn't just win races; he annihilates course records.

Last year, competing in his first Hardrock–which forces runners to climb 34,000 feet over jagged mountains and is generally considered one of ultrarunning's toughest tests–Jornet won in 22 hours and 44 minutes, beating the old course record by an hour and 22 minutes. And for Jornet, the Hardrock is a training run. His true passion is setting speed records on famous trails and mountains. In 2009, he ran California's 165-mile Tahoe Rim Trail in 38 hours and 32 minutes. During that effort, he slept for 90 minutes and still broke the record by seven hours. In 2010, he tackled Mount Kilimanjaro in seven hours and 14 minutes. The round-trip takes average joes about seven days.

The records are called fastest known times (FKTs). And while Jornet didn't invent the genre, he has certainly popularized it. In 2012, he laid out plans for an audacious goal. In four years, he announced, he would set FKTs on what he calls seven of "the most important mountains on the planet," including Alaska's Denali (formerly Mount McKinley), Argentina's Aconcagua, and the Matterhorn, Switzerland's famous pyramidal peak. He calls the project Summits of My Life, and its final test is Mount Everest. He believes he can march up and back down the North Face of the world's highest mountain, without supplemental oxygen, in just 40 hours.

In July 2013, Jornet took the first step by setting the FKT on Mont Blanc, a 15,780-foot peak in his backyard of Chamonix. Just a month later, he ticked off the Matterhorn with a remarkable time of two hours and 52 minutes, 20 minutes faster than the 1995 record. In December 2014, he bested the record on Aconcagua by about an hour. Once again, it appeared Jornet was unbeatable.

Jornet tears up a mountain on a run in France.
Previous spread: Jornet and Egloff come face to face near Chamonix, France.

And then, all of a sudden, he wasn't.

In August 2014, FKT message boards began lighting up with some surprising news. A previously unknown Ecuadorean man named Karl Egloff had raced up and down Kilimanjaro in six hours and 42 minutes, destroying Jornet's record by 32 minutes. Some considered it a fluke. Then, seven months later, he did it again, beating Jornet's record on Aconcagua.

"People were shocked," says Buzz Burrell, an ultrarunner who set an FKT on John Muir Trail in 2000. "Kílian is the best mountain runner–possibly ever. So it was surprising to see him beat."

FANS WEREN'T JUST surprised. They were angry. Jornet, a humble, soft-spoken man with teenager-like stubble and a black tangle of sweat-tamed curls, had spent 10 years winning their adoration. Now his reign was being threatened. Goliath hadn't fallen; Lou Gehrig had.

"People wrote me and said I was destroying Kílian's world," says Karl Egloff, 34, when I reach him over Skype. Egloff has short-cropped, thinning blond hair and an angular face. He seems perpetually, almost perversely happy, with a large smile and doe-like blue eyes. Behind him, the walls of the house in Cumbaya, Ecuador, that he shares with his fiancée, Adriana, are plastered with mountaineering photos. "They said I lied about my time on Kilimanjaro," he says. "But you can't react emotionally. Fans can be crazy."

Unlike Jornet, Egloff doesn't have a competitive running or mountaineering background. When he was 16, his Ecuadorean mother died, and nine months later he was sent to school in Switzerland. While there, he took up soccer. Egloff stayed in the country for eight years, playing on various regional teams. He also showed the potential of a superior endurance athlete. "I would go to the gym before soccer and for bike rides after matches," he says. "My teammates always told me to take it easy because I was so hyperenergetic."

Once again, it appeared Jornet was unbeatable. And then, all of a sudden, he wasn't.

When he returned to Ecuador in 2007, he started a mountain-guiding company, leading clients up peaks around the world. "My father worked as a mountain guide," he explains. "So it seemed like a natural thing for me to do." To satiate his restless nature, he also began mountain biking and got good enough to compete on the World Cup tour. But after six years, he gave it up. "I was ranked 80th in the world," he says. "If I wanted to improve, I would have had to leave Ecuador, and I didn't want to do that."

Instead, he poured his efforts into his work as a guide–and began daydreaming about FKTs. "My guiding friends inspired me," he says. "They told me that I could be good at it and



break records." On a trip with a group of clients to Kilimanjaro in 2014, he decided to go for it.

On the morning of August 13, just three days after leading clients to the summit and back, Egloff checked in at the park-ranger station to record his start time (official FKTs also call for you to stick a flag in the summit and take a photo), then started running. He was armed with confidence. He had been in Africa for four weeks, was fully acclimated, and knew the mountain well, having guided clients up and down it 10 times. But he also held a secret weapon. "I'd read what Kílian had written about his trip up Kilimanjaro, and I knew the places where he went the fastest," he says. "I knew I just needed to be a little faster in those sections."

Egloff set off into the fog, worried that he'd get lost. When he made it through Lava Rock faster than Jornet had, he knew he was in good shape. As he passed through the final gate at the bottom of the mountain, he was met with cheers and hugs, mostly from complete strangers. "Porters came by and kissed my hat because they believe they can get your energy that way," he says.

The rush of the experience consumed Egloff. "I thought, *I broke a record,*" he says. *"I can go for big things."* He began adding mountains to his hit list. Aconcagua. Denali. Everest.

"I'm not purposely trying to beat Kílian's records," he says with a chuckle. "But I decided I wanted to try to set records on all of the Seven Summits, and Kílian happens to have the records on a lot of those."

By the time Egloff had made it back down Aconcagua, six months after his Kilimanjaro conquest, at least one person knew who he was. When he logged onto his computer, he saw that Jornet had left a congratulatory message on his Facebook page.

I'd asked Jornet about Egloff. We were at lunch, and he'd just taken a bite of a breaded-and-deep-fried-chicken sandwich (when you burn up to 7,000 calories a day, you can eat anything you want), wiped grease from his tanned face, and grinned. "It's a cool thing," he said of his competition. "And it's cool for the sport. It shows what's possible mentally and physically and generates more interest. I'm glad for Karl."

Mammut, the Swiss outdoor-gear company, noticed Egloff, too, and offered him a full 2016 sponsorship to wear the brand's shoes, shorts, and jackets. "A lot of these men and women are on the cutting edge of fitness and alpinism," says Gribbin Loring, the marketing manager for Mammut in North America. "The stories of FKTs tend to be very special,

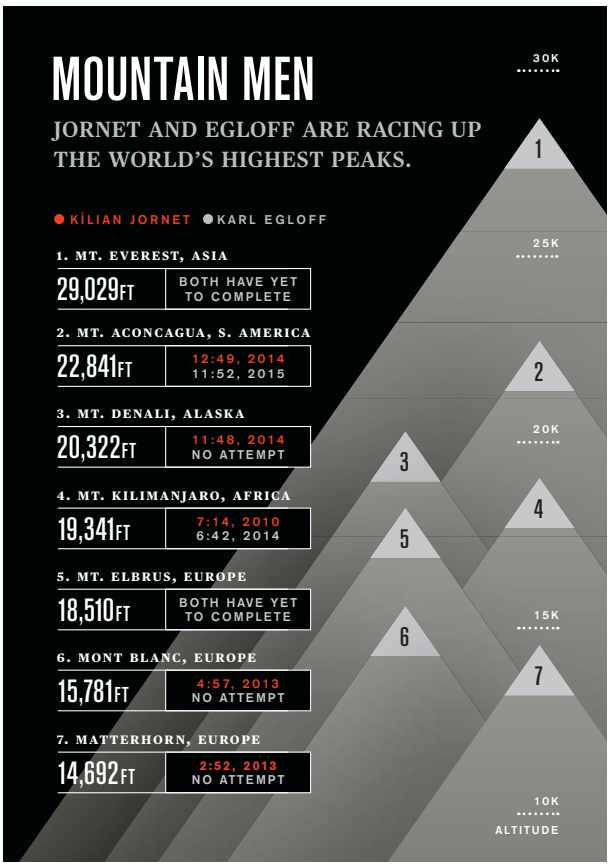
and Mammut likes to support the athletes who are achieving these feats of severe endurance." Egloff won't say how much money he earns from his sponsors, but they fund his FKT attempts, which can cost upwards of $50,000. "This is amazing for me," he says. "If you can eat what you want and not just what you have money for, that's nice."

AT EIGHT O'CLOCK in the morning on race day, 28 miles in, I watch Jornet bound down the side of a steep, rocky mountain, past sagebrush and columbine, and into the Hardrock's first-aid station at Cunningham.

It's impressive to watch Jornet run. On steeper ascents, he's scrambling, using his hands to propel himself over rocks and snowfields. His movements are smooth and efficient, and he seems to have a preternatural ability to stick to the surface. His descents are almost more extraordinary. He hurtles down 50-degree slopes and over pocked and knobby terrain, his legs spinning beneath him with cartoonish speed.

The day before, I'd asked him how he's able to run so fast downhill and still stay upright. He said he has very strong ankles, then rolled his right foot on its side and jumped up and down on it four times, a parlor trick he breaks out to prove his durability. "I can't hurt them," he says.

Both Jornet and Egloff are physiologically gifted in other ways, too. Jornet possesses a VO2 max–a measure of an elite athlete's cardiorespiratory endurance–of 89.5, among the highest levels ever recorded. Egloff's is just a few ticks lower at 87.5. Both men are also built with skeletal upper bodies and massive legs, providing the strength needed to run up mountains without any of the extra weight that bulging pecs and biceps cause. And both have trained themselves to eat and drink as little as possible during runs. "They've taught their bodies to use fat for fuel, which is much more efficient than carbohydrates," explains Meredith Terranova, a sports nutritionist who works with ultrarunners. "And there's been research to show that most athletes overdrink, and that can dilute electrolytes and cause gastrointestinal distress."



> 'I need to be light to go fast,' Jornet says. 'And I need to be fast to set records.'

But the rivals also have their differences. Jornet takes a freestyle approach to training, going out on runs–sometimes all day–when the mood strikes. And he'll take days off only when he feels he absolutely needs to. Egloff, on the other hand, works with a sports clinic to lock in his training and has specific workouts for specific days. That could be a long, leisurely run or a steep attack, during which he maintains a heart rate of 175 for 90 minutes. But the most glaring difference is the way the two negotiate mountains.

"You can tell that Kílian's proprioception is more evolved than Karl's," says Matt Hart, an ultrarunning coach and columnist for *Trail Runner* magazine. "He runs over the terrain and scree fields with no wasted movement. Karl is a little less efficient."

That's because, unlike Egloff, Jornet was born to climb. His childhood was spent in Catalonia, Spain, atop a 6,500-foot peak in the Pyrenees Mountains. By the time he was 13, he was competing in ski mountaineering races and running 50 miles to the next closest mountain hut. Around the same time, Jornet had an epiphany. His mountain-guide father would often take the family on treks, loading young Kílian, his mother, and his sister with big heavy bags full of supplies. "I hated it," says Jornet. "So I decided I was just going to go light and would barely carry anything."

These days, you'll see Jornet scurrying up and down mountains like the Matterhorn in nothing more than running shoes, shorts, and a T-shirt, eschewing ropes and other safety equipment in areas where a misstep could mean death. This stripped-down approach to mountaineering has been adopted by other runners, including Egloff, but the practice has led to mishaps. In 2012, Jornet and his girlfriend, ultrarunner Emelie Forsberg, had to be rescued from Aiguille du Midi in Chamonix when bad weather rolled in. "I was shortsighted to think that there would be warmer temperatures and not to take more jackets," Jornet wrote on his website. "At 50 meters [164 feet] from the summit...the weather degenerated quickly and continued to do so. It could have endangered myself and company. I decided to call the [search and rescue]."

But such setbacks don't deter Jornet. "I need to be light to go fast," he says. "And I need to be fast to set records."

The last time I see Jornet before nightfall, it appears he's on pace to set another record. He's separated himself from the rest of the field by about an hour and is running up a moderately steep hill. I watch him for a few minutes as he knocks off a seven-minute mile, taking light-footed strides that could be timed to a metronome. Then he drops his head and disappears over a ridge and into the oncoming darkness, soon to be led only by the light of a headlamp and the uncompromising desire to push his body as hard as he can.

At 5:30 in the morning, I see him again as he crosses the Hardrock's finish line. He's drenched and muddy. Despite getting lost in a large patch of snow for 40 minutes along the way, he sets another course record–this time in a counterclockwise direction–of 23 hours and 28 minutes. Exhausted from just following the race, I can muster only one question: How? Simply, Jornet says, "I just kept going the same pace."

A MONTH BEFORE the Hardrock, Karl Egloff flew to France to train in the mountains. "I wanted to see Mont Blanc and get a sense of the place," he says. "To see what it might take to set a record there." Egloff had never



Egloff climbing K3 in Susa, Italy. A former soccer player and mountain biker, he makes his living as a mountain guide.

met his adversary before but planned to cold-call him when he arrived to see if Jornet wanted to get together. Two days into the trip, Jornet obliged. "When athletes meet, we don't get coffee," says Jornet. "We went for a run."

The two men met on Mont Blanc, shared a bony hug, and jogged up one of the mountain's glaciers, views of snowcapped peaks and the lush green, wildflower-speckled valley below. Along the way, they talked about politics in their respective countries, about struggles on the mountain, and about their lives and what motivates them. "It's nice to know there is somebody in the world who loves the same things about mountaineering as me," Egloff says. "Kílian said that he discovered his spirituality in the mountains. It's the same for me." Jornet also pointed out the fastest route up Mont Blanc. "Let's do it," Egloff said. "Let's try to set a new record."

Jornet agreed, and 10 days later the pair set out at six in the morning to, together, try to best Jornet's FKT. Halfway up and 15 minutes under record time, it appeared they would. Then, bad luck. "As soon as we started going up the glacier, the snow started to break," says Egloff. "We were sinking in up to our hips." By the summit, the two men were 40 minutes behind record time. "Well, now you know where to go," Jornet said. "Now you can try for it another time."

Before leaving, Egloff brought Jornet to his rental home, introduced him to Adriana, and shared a bite to eat. Egloff asked about Everest. In May, Jornet had planned to attempt an FKT on the mountain, but a massive earthquake hit the region. He flew to Nepal anyway to help with the relief effort. "We weren't prepared for what we'd find there," he says. "The valley was completely destroyed, and we went to work finding bodies and recording their location. It gives you perspective on what's important."

"Will you go back and try again?" Egloff asked Jornet.

"Yes," Jornet responded.

"I'd love to join you," Egloff said. "Maybe pace you. But I'm not ready. You're probably faster than anybody else right now, but you might be even faster in a few years. Maybe you should wait, too."

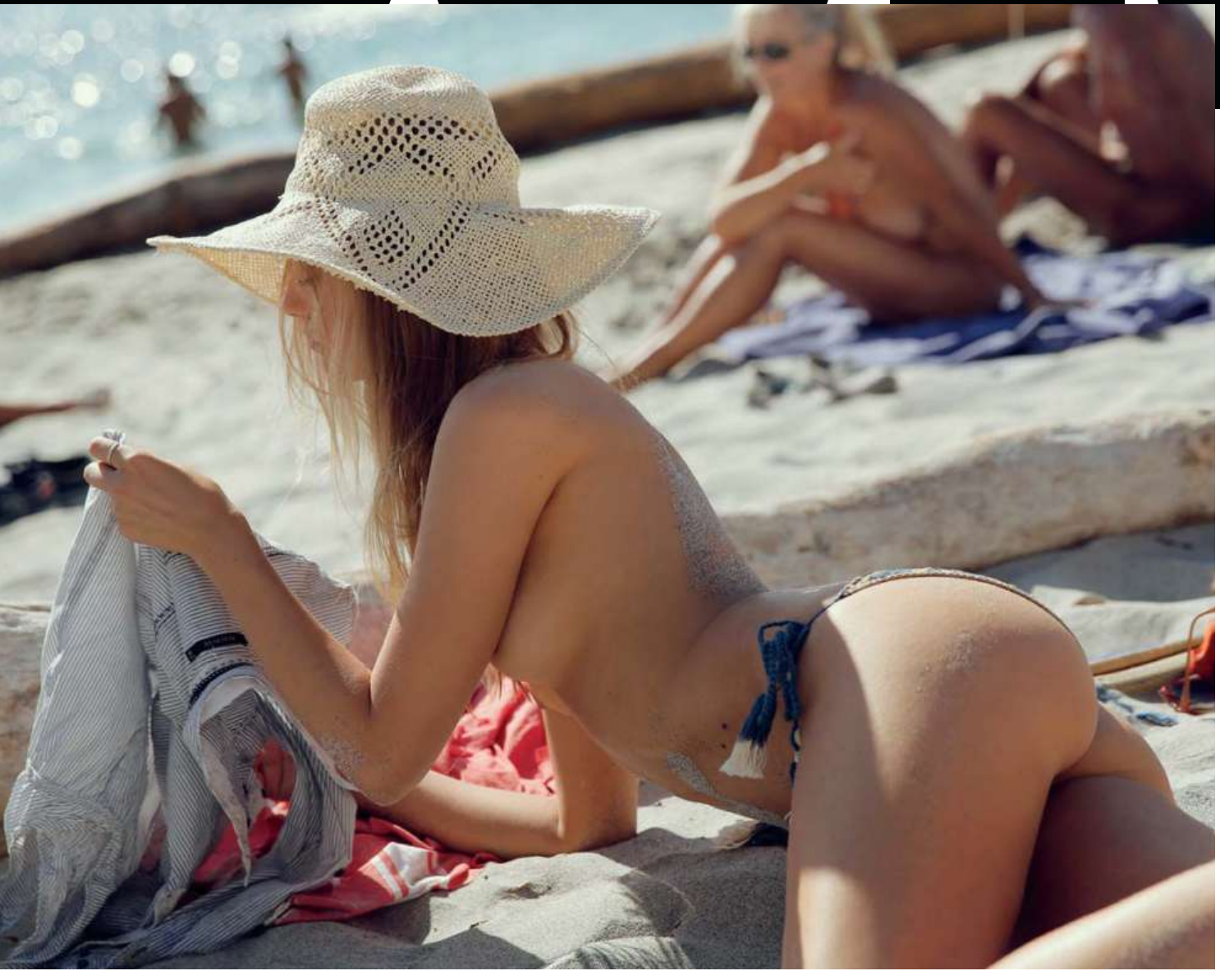
"I can't," said Jornet. "I need to finish my project."

So next year, Jornet plans to travel back to Nepal to try to set the FKT on the world's highest mountain. Karl Egloff is sure to try to beat it. ■



BEACHGOERS FLOCK TO THE LEGENDARY MEDITERRANEAN PARADISE OF **SAINT-TROPEZ** FOR ITS WARM SUN, ITS AZURE WATER, AND ITS EXTREMELY LAISSEZ-FAIRE DRESS CODE.

SUN KISSED

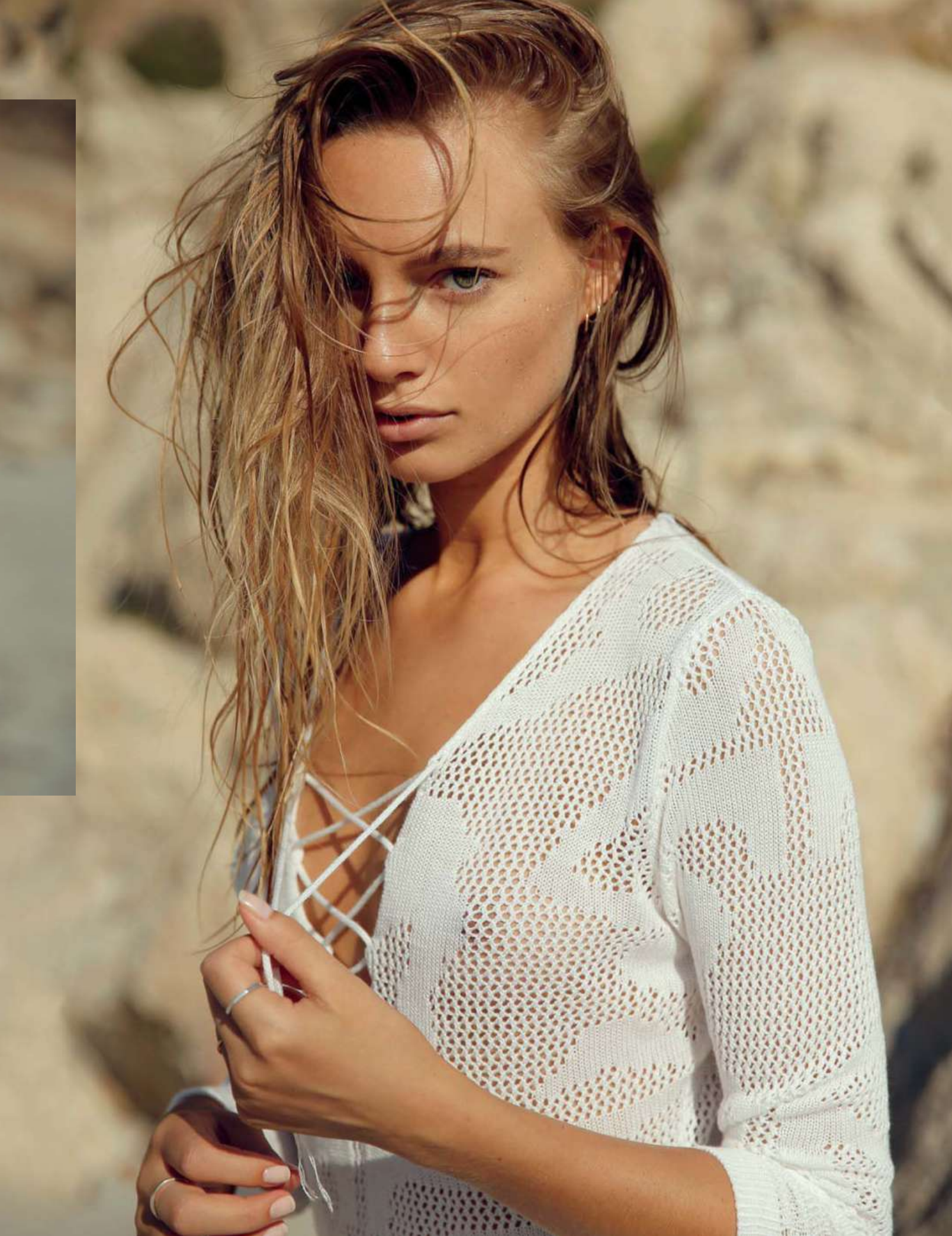


PHOTOGRAPHED AND STYLED BY **CAMERON HAMMOND**





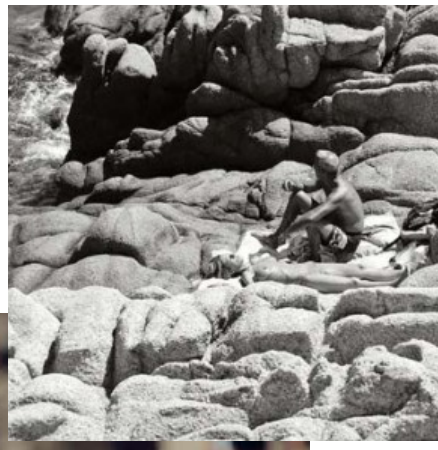






MODELS: MAYA STEPPER AT NEVS MODELS, LONDON;
CLARA ROSAGER AT CHADWICK MODELS, SYDNEY







HEART AND SOUL

TEXAS CROONER **LEON BRIDGES** WENT FROM DISHWASHER TO MUSICAL SUPERSTAR PRACTICALLY OVERNIGHT.

by **ERIC SPITZNAGEL**
photographed by **LUIS SANCHIS**
styled by **WAYNE GROSS**







This page: Suit, Prada. Sweater, Fendi. Roll-neck sweater, Ermenegildo Zegna. Pocket square, the Tie Bar. Watch, Panerai.

Opposite page: Coat, Jil Sander. Suit, Dsquared^2. Sweater and shoes, Etro.

Previous spread: Jacket and shoes, Brioni. Sweater, Etro. Roll-neck sweater, Boss. Pants, Fendi. Watch, Panerai.



TWO THINGS happened this year that made soul singer Leon Bridges realize his life had changed dramatically. During a headlining show this past summer in San Francisco, the crooner could barely hear his voice over the sold-out crowd, who were singing along with every tune.

"It freaked me out," he says. "It feels like I just wrote those lyrics. And now people know all the words?"

The second head-spinning moment took place at his 26th-birthday party, also this summer, at the Montreux Jazz Festival in Switzerland. One of the guests was Quincy Jones. "He was telling me stories about working with a 16-year-old Ray Charles," Bridges says. "And I was like, What is my life right now? How did I get here? Wasn't I just washing dishes, like, yesterday?"

Last fall, Bridges was working as a dishwasher and busboy in Fort Worth, Texas–his hometown–and playing open-mike gigs. He might still be there today if he hadn't gone out one night wearing a pair of high-waisted Wrangler jeans. Which is ironic, because Bridges doesn't normally wear jeans. "I only wear slacks," he says. But he'd happened upon the fateful denims at a thrift shop and decided he must have them. "It was the only pair of jeans I've ever owned," he says.

He was hanging out at a local watering hole when a woman approached him and insisted he meet her boyfriend, a collector of vintage high-waisted Wranglers. Her boyfriend was Austin Jenkins, guitarist for the Texas rock band White Denim. The two bonded, and after Jenkins came back the next week to watch his new denim buddy's open-mike set, he told Bridges, "We need to record some songs."

And that, as Bridges says, "was the start of everything."

At Jenkins' studio, he recorded demos of his recent compositions, two of which–"Coming Home" and "Lisa Sawyer," a song about his mother–were uploaded to SoundCloud and quickly went viral. Before long, there was a bidding war among record labels, all vying to sign the young dishwasher with the Sam Cooke voice. Bridges picked Columbia and released his debut, *Coming Home,* in June. Since then, he has been on a global tour.

While he doesn't mind the Sam Cooke comparisons, he's certainly not trying to ape Cooke's style. "It's like when people say LeBron is the next Jordan," Bridges says. "The only thing those two have in common is they're both good at basketball." ■





This page: Suit, Ermenegildo Zegna. Shirt, Topman. Tie, Dunhill. Watch, Panerai. Shoes, Salvatore Ferragamo.

Opposite page: Jacket, Versace. Sweater and pants, John Varvatos. Shoes, Salvatore Ferragamo.



This page: Jacket and pants, Salvatore Ferragamo. Shirt, Perry Ellis. Tie, the Tie Bar. Watch, Tissot.

Opposite page: Jacket and pants, Burberry Prorsum. Shirt, Fendi. Tie, Dunhill.



GROOMER, TAMARA BROWN AT ARTIST UNTIED;
PROP STYLIST, HIROSHI YOSHIDA AT ARTIST UNTIED

FOR MORE INFORMATION, SEE PAGE 100.



ILLUSTRATED BY **I AM ALWAYS HUNGRY**



TOP SPEED

IT'S BASEBALL'S FAUSTIAN DEAL: IF A PITCHER CAN THROW 100 MPH, HE'LL BECOME AN INSTANT STAR—AND THEN, ALMOST CERTAINLY, HE'LL BE DESTROYED.

by Hunter Atkins

When Bruce Rondon's name was announced to the crowd, only 10 to 15 people clapped–a less-than-warm reception compared to the one that greeted his better-known teammates. But this was the largest stage on which he'd played–the 2012 All-Star Futures Game, an annual Minor League Baseball showcase that features the most promising players who have yet to make the majors–and he intended to stand out. *When I go out to pitch,* he thought, *I know they will applaud for me.*

The game was a blowout by the time Rondon entered, in the bottom of the 8th. Then the 6'3", 275-pound Venezuelan right-hander did his thing. His first pitch raced past the batter at a speed clocked at 102 mph. Fans perked up. He fired off three more that reached 101 mph, striking out two batters. As he swaggered off the field, the crowd rose for a standing ovation. Rondon's takeaway: "When I don't throw 100, the people are normal," he says, speaking Spanish through a translator. "That gives me a little more motivation to throw harder." A year later, he debuted with the Detroit Tigers, and a major league-leading 25.57 percent of his pitches were at triple-digit velocity. He topped out at 102.8 mph.

The speed made Rondon a star, because baseball lusts for the 100-mph arm. It is seductive. All pitchers want it. Scouts flock by the hundreds to small towns based on rumors of it. Coaches are willing to work with even the most undisciplined players who have it. Executives dream about developing it. And spectators and players alike lose their minds whenever they see it.



Opposite page: The magic, confirmed. **Below:** Tommy John surgery in action, as a doctor repairs an athlete's elbow.

"A pitcher, you throw 100 miles per hour, you are the shit," says Omar Vizquel, who played 24 years and now coaches with Detroit.

"It's sexual!" affirms Joba Chamberlain, who briefly possessed that rarefied power as a youngster with the Yankees. "Two numbers compared to three–there's something sexy about it."

The 100-mph fastball is practically a mythic power, and like all uncanny capabilities, it carries with it an ominous foreshadowing. It is an Icarus-like limit: Almost every pitcher who reaches it will–before long–shred his elbow, or become incapable of aiming the ball, or let the power go to his head. When coaches, executives, and fans see a 100-mph thrower, they are not just admiring the feat; they are watching a human drama unfold, man versus velocity. They want to see if this one, somehow, will survive.

During the 2014 season's spring training, then Tigers general manager Dave Dombrowski (now Red Sox president of operations) acknowledged the research: Pitchers who throw 100 mph have what seems like a 100 percent chance of injury. And yet, he said, "there are also a lot of exceptions in our game." He expected Rondon to be an exception. "He has the overall package to be a dominant big-league closer."

Exactly one month to the day later, on March 17, 2014, Rondon walked into the trainer's office and complained about his arm. Two days later, Rondon met with Dr. James Andrews, an orthopedic sports surgeon who operates on the best pitchers in baseball. Two days after that, Dombrowski announced that Rondon would need Tommy John surgery to repair the torn ulnar collateral ligament in his pitching elbow. The injury would cost him the entire 2014 season and jeopardize his chances of ever throwing 100 mph again.

IT IS STILL RARE to see a pitcher reach 100 mph, but more than ever before are closing in on it. In 2004, 86 pitchers threw at least a quarter of their fastballs at 95 mph or faster, according to Baseball Info Solutions. In 2014, 151 accomplished the feat. Former starter Al Leiter says that when he was in the game almost 30 years ago, "if you threw a ball consistently in the low 90s, that was a special arm." And now? "I don't know where the hell all these arms are coming from."

It is likely a confluence of factors. Better training has made players fitter and more athletic. The sophistication of throwing programs has made arms stronger. Continued advancements in Tommy John surgery are turning once-career-ending elbow injuries into speed bumps. And it's cultural: The ubiquity of radar guns, starting all the way down in Little League, is reinforcing the curbside appeal of hyperspeed.

But so far, nothing has altered a biological inconvenience: The amount of torque needed to throw at triple-digit speed is almost always greater than the amount of force the elbow's ulnar collateral ligament can repeatedly withstand. That is the conclusion of Glenn Fleisig, research director at the American Sports Medicine Institute in Alabama, who in 1995 precisely identified the limitations of pitchers' elbows. When a pitcher cocks back his arm, with his palm facing toward the sky, on a pitch that's around 100 mph, he subjects the elbow to 100 newton-meters of torque–or the equivalent of holding five 12-pound bowling balls in the palm of your hand in that position.

A world-class pitcher may have more muscle mass, flexibility, and athleticism than the average guy in the stands, but they both have the same elbow ligaments. The tissue simply does not get enough blood flow to strengthen from exercise. There is no magic number at which a pitch is safe–that depends on the player's body–but this is scientific fact: "Changing up your pitches so that you're throwing at submaximal velocity increases your longevity," Fleisig says.

Fleisig makes this sound like a choice, as if pitchers can just dial it back. But to the 100-mph men, throwing their hardest is the only way to live.



THERE ARE THE OUTLIERS who launched fireballs through full careers: Nolan Ryan, Randy Johnson, and Billy Wagner. But today, only one player in MLB—Aroldis Chapman, of the Cincinnati Reds—routinely cruises above 100 mph. Typically, pitchers in the neighborhood of triple digits are unable to sustain that velocity for more than two or three seasons—like Joba Chamberlain, Francisco Cordero, Brian Wilson, Matt Lindstrom, Kyle Farnsworth, and Fernando Rodney. But ask baseball players and coaches about the hardest thrower they've ever seen, and the men named are obscure; they're almost always pitchers whose inspiring fastball blazed briefly and then burned out, smoldering in the sport's mythology.

Injury did not fell them all. Rather, the explosive pitch was like an uncontainable power. Matt Anderson built his entire persona around cracking 100. He stormed out of the bullpen to the Troggs' "Wild Thing." He openly dismissed scouting reports, figuring he could blow a ball past anyone. "It really is like a superpower, dude," he says now, "because, like, you're out there on the mound, and you're getting ready to throw the pitch, and then you throw it, and you're like, 'Holy crap, that was awesome!' And you're like, 'I just did that, but I don't feel anything!'"

He and his heater were drafted first overall by the Tigers in 1997, zipped through the minors in about two months, and took over the closer's job in Detroit in 2001. He amassed 22 consecutive saves. Then he hurt himself doing too many lat pull-downs on the weight machine. Earlier that day, though, he threw some baby octopuses underhand at a fan event (this being Detroit, after all), and a local fable was born—the hotshot was ruined in the dumbest way. People still believe it. The injury slowed down his arm, and Anderson, who had barely developed other pitches, struggled to reinvent himself. He felt "emptier" without the 100-mph ball, he says. He was done.

When Jason Neighborgall first took the mound in 2003 as a Georgia Tech freshman, he started off with a 98-mph fastball on the outside corner. "The next pitch, it went up and in, and it ripped the emblem off my batting glove," recalls that day's catcher, Mike Nickeas, who played with the Mets and Blue Jays from 2010 to 2013. "To this day, of all the Cy Young guys I've caught"—and that includes Justin Verlander, Max Scherzer, R.A. Dickey, and Johan Santana—"he had the best stuff I've ever seen."

But Neighborgall could not aim. He topped out at 102 mph and became known for walking the bases loaded and then striking out the side, sending catchers to the showers covered in bruises. Bobby Moranda, his pitching coach, made desperate attempts to refine him; he even forced him to practice with eyes closed, hoping to foster a strike-zone intuition. The Arizona Diamondbacks drafted Neighborgall in the third round in 2005 and gave him $500,000, but also failed to hone his pitch. In 42 and one-third innings over his three minor league seasons, he struck out 48 batters, walked 128, and posted a 17.22 ERA. Fans were at least entertained. "Even on the wild pitches, you would still see everybody in the stadium, their necks slapping back to the scoreboard," his rookie ball teammate Peter Duda remembers.

'I tried forgetting about 100 mph totally,' Rondon says, 'and I felt like I was pitching without love.'

And then there was Jonathan "Colt" Griffin, perhaps the most hyped of them all. He was a wiry 6'4" high school first baseman from Longview, Texas, and threw in the mid-90 mphs on a fateful 42-degree night. His coach, Jackie Lloyd, arrived home to about 50 missed calls, including one from a stockbroker in Chicago who wanted to represent Griffin. The broker kept calling past midnight.

A few starts later, Griffin touched 100 mph—practically unheard of for a high school player. When a cop pulled over a driver for speeding, as local lore goes, the guy explained that he was rushing to see Griffin play. The cop let the guy go. But like Neighborgall, Griffin struggled with aim. In a tournament game, Griffin fired a ball that nicked the bill of a batter's helmet. *Shoot, he's killed somebody!* Lloyd thought at first. The batter was just lying on the ground in shock; his mother got the ball and had Griffin autograph it.

Major league scouts were all over this. The Royals drafted Griffin ninth overall, and coaches tweaked his mechanics every year. Instead of helping him throw strikes, though, it seemed only to weaken his fastball, and eventually he suffered a torn shoulder labrum. At 22, he signed his retirement papers. "I just knew how to throw 100," Griffin says now, meaning that's *all* he knew. He might as well be summarizing the problem of all the epic hard throwers. Now an engineer for an oil company in San Antonio, he is not regretful. What if he'd thrown only 99 mph, and saved his arm? The thought never crossed his mind. "We wouldn't be having this conversation," he says, and chuckles. "That one mile an hour, it made everything."

"I DON'T KNOW HOW I do it," Rondon admits. Technically, it is athleticism and the flow of energy through the kinetic chain of a proper pitching delivery. But nobody really understands why certain pitchers breach 100 mph. They come in all sizes, like 6'10" Randy Johnson and 5'10" Billy Wagner. They hail from everywhere—Cuba, Venezuela, America. They have a range of personalities: Bobby Parnell is quiet, Fernando Rodney is flashy, and Brian Wilson is nuts. But they have this in common: They are people with a dangerous, unexpected, and yet highly desired skill. And they never really know what to do with it.

As an eight-year-old Little Leaguer, Rondon nailed a batter in the thigh, and the poor kid fell to the dirt, cried, and left the game. Parents feared Rondon would kill their sons if they let him pitch, and had him banned from the mound for two years. Nolan Ryan's development was similar: He once sailed a ball into the stands and broke a woman's forearm. He concussed a catcher a year later and seriously considered quitting. "It's a gift that you did nothing to earn," Ryan says in Tim Wendel's book *High Heat*. "What you do with it is up to you."

When the pitch betrays them, they can at least say they went out doing what they loved.

Rondon grew into an average catcher and an unimpressive hitter, just another boy who hoped baseball would lift him out of the barrios in Hugo Chávez's Venezuela. But when he was 15, the Tigers' Latin America scout, Miguel Garcia, approached him at a showcase for local players and told him to throw a pitch. Rondon did, at 88 mph. The Tigers enrolled him in the team's Venezuelan academy.

By 20, he was reaching 100 mph consistently for the Tigers' Single-A affiliate. As he climbed toward the majors, veterans tried to shake him of his narrow-minded pursuit. "Bruce, don't be so eager to pitch harder—be eager to throw strikes," they told him. Many pitchers before Rondon received similar advice, and many, like Rondon, ignored it. Why did they put a lucrative baseball career at risk? Perhaps because the men feel that without that 100-mph pitch, they have nothing else. The pitch was everything.

On Labor Day of 2013, the Tigers were up 3-0 against the Red Sox at Fenway Park. Rondon was on the mound. Dustin Pedroia stole third, and David Ortiz was at bat. "I need to take this guy out, cost me what it costs me," Rondon told himself. "These balls that I am going to throw will be the hardest in all of my career." He unfurled one at 102.4 mph. Another at 101.4 mph. Ortiz struck out. And that was the beginning of Rondon's troubles. His elbow inflamed that night; he pitched once more, three weeks later, and then the Tigers shut him down for the rest of the season. He attempted a return five months later, during spring training of 2014, but ended up getting Tommy John surgery instead.

Rondon would not pitch in the regular season again until this past June. He remained one of the hardest throwers on Earth, but he reached 100 mph less often—around 6 percent of the time, down from that impressive 25.57 percent during his rookie year. Rondon's almighty fastball became pedestrian: By September, batters hit over .370 off it.

This world is tough on the men who live for the chance to thunder in from bullpens, unleash lightning, and electrify crowds. There is no way to know if they are the exception, the ones who can make it to retirement age throwing their absolute hardest. Fans certainly won't tell them to stop. Nor will the coaches, from youth leagues to the pros. At the very least—cold comfort that this is—when the pitch betrays them, they can say they went out doing what they loved.

"Look," Rondon says, "I've always said these words: I can't stop doing what I'm doing. At times, I tried. I tried forgetting about 100 mph totally, so that I could throw another strike. And I felt like I was pitching without love. I didn't have the heart in my hand like I feel when I'm doing it with all my strength. When I try to pitch less, it's not the same feeling. I feel that everything is going wrong, because I'm doing it without desire. However, when I'm 100 percent doing it how I want to do it, I am the happiest man." ■

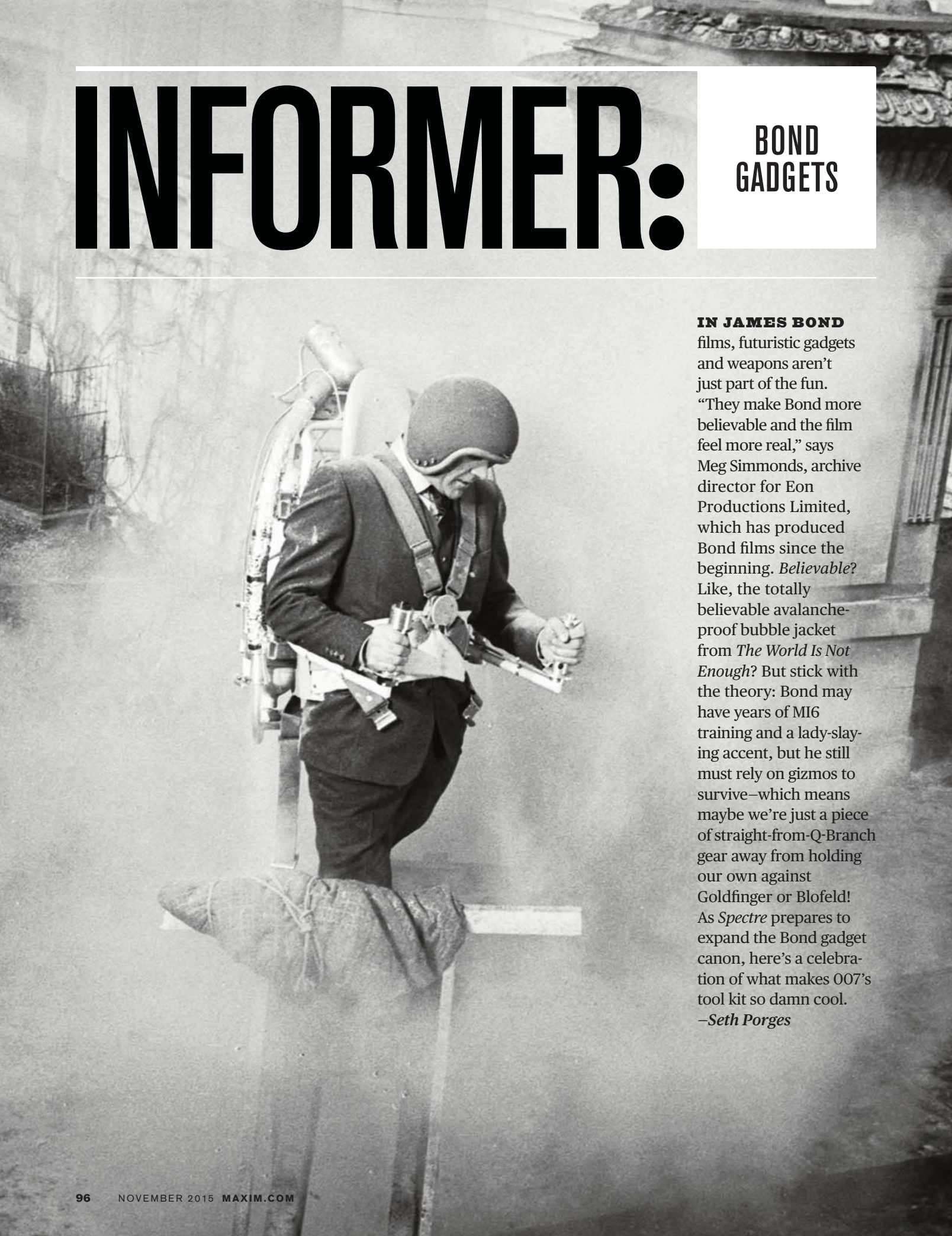


Bruce Rondon, firing the cannon.


THE ONLY ROAD TO SAVINGS
•BEST TRUCKERS INSURANCE
•BEST RATES
•BEST CLAIMS SERVICE
•BEST TECHNOLOGY
1STGUARD.COM
1-866-FAST-234
1ST GUARD
SM
The Trucker's Insurance Company

INFORMER:

BOND GADGETS



IN JAMES BOND films, futuristic gadgets and weapons aren't just part of the fun. "They make Bond more believable and the film feel more real," says Meg Simmonds, archive director for Eon Productions Limited, which has produced Bond films since the beginning. *Believable*? Like, the totally believable avalanche-proof bubble jacket from *The World Is Not Enough*? But stick with the theory: Bond may have years of MI6 training and a lady-slaying accent, but he still must rely on gizmos to survive—which means maybe we're just a piece of straight-from-Q-Branch gear away from holding our own against Goldfinger or Blofeld! As *Spectre* prepares to expand the Bond gadget canon, here's a celebration of what makes 007's tool kit so damn cool.
—***Seth Porges***

EIGHT OF THE BEST...

SELECTED WITH HELP FROM JAMES BONDING PODCAST HOST MATT GOURLEY



Dagger Shoe
From Russia with Love (1963)
The shoe with a pop-out blade has since entered trope territory. It was even in *The Dark Knight*.



Oddjob's Razor Hat
Goldfinger (1964)
"This is the first time we get something cartoony—but it's so fun that we let it slide," Gourley says.



Tiny Underwater Breathing Device
Thunderball (1965)
The British military asked for the schematics on this miracle tool. Womp womp: It was fiction.



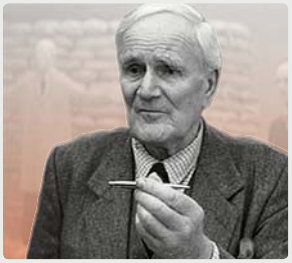
Poison-Delivering String
You Only Live Twice (1967)
As a method of stealth assassination, it's realistic—with a nightmare-inducing ability to kill you in your sleep.



Fake Fingerprint
Diamonds Are Forever (1971)
A peel-off fake fingerprint is believable to anybody who has played with Elmer's glue.



Ski Pole Gun
The Spy Who Loved Me (1977)
"It looks like something they could have pulled out of a Cold War spy book," Gourley says.



Exploding Pen
GoldenEye (1995)
The prop originally lit up when the bomb was armed, but the film's director objected: too unrealistic.



Bagpipe Flamethrower
The World Is Not Enough (1999)
We see it tested in Q's lab but never in action. What other hyperspecific, crazy things are being built in there?

...AND THREE OF THE WORST



Man-Eating Sofa
The Living Daylights (1987)
In Bond's world, taxpayer money is used to test sofas that eat people. Congress would go nuts.



Pocket Snap Trap
Diamonds Are Forever (1971)
The spy carries a mousetrap-like booby trap so he's...not pickpocketed? OK.



Fake Nipple
The Man with the Golden Gun (1974)
Bond uses it to impersonate a villain. Plan for anything, they say.

BOND SCIENCE:

007 technology that's become real.



It Happened!
In the 1959 novel *Goldfinger*, the eponymous villain threatens to slice Bond in half using a circular saw. Lasers were invented a year later—so for the 1964 movie, producers replaced the saw with a totally sci-fi, not-yet-in-existence, industrial-strength beam. Now searing, metal-cutting lasers are commonplace in factories.



It's Happening!
The jetpack in *Thunderball* (1965) looks campy, but it was real—and could fly for 21 seconds. "The test pilot wouldn't do it without a helmet because it was so dangerous, so they had to reshoot Connery's scenes with the helmet to match," says Simmonds. Today's jetpacks aren't perfect, but they've definitely improved.



It Could Happen!
In *Die Another Day* (2002), Bond pushes a button to make his Aston Martin disappear. Absurd...but wait! "There are many approaches to this actively being researched," says Damon Lamb, a neuroscience researcher at the University of Florida. Potential solution: metamaterials that bend light around an object, cloaking it.

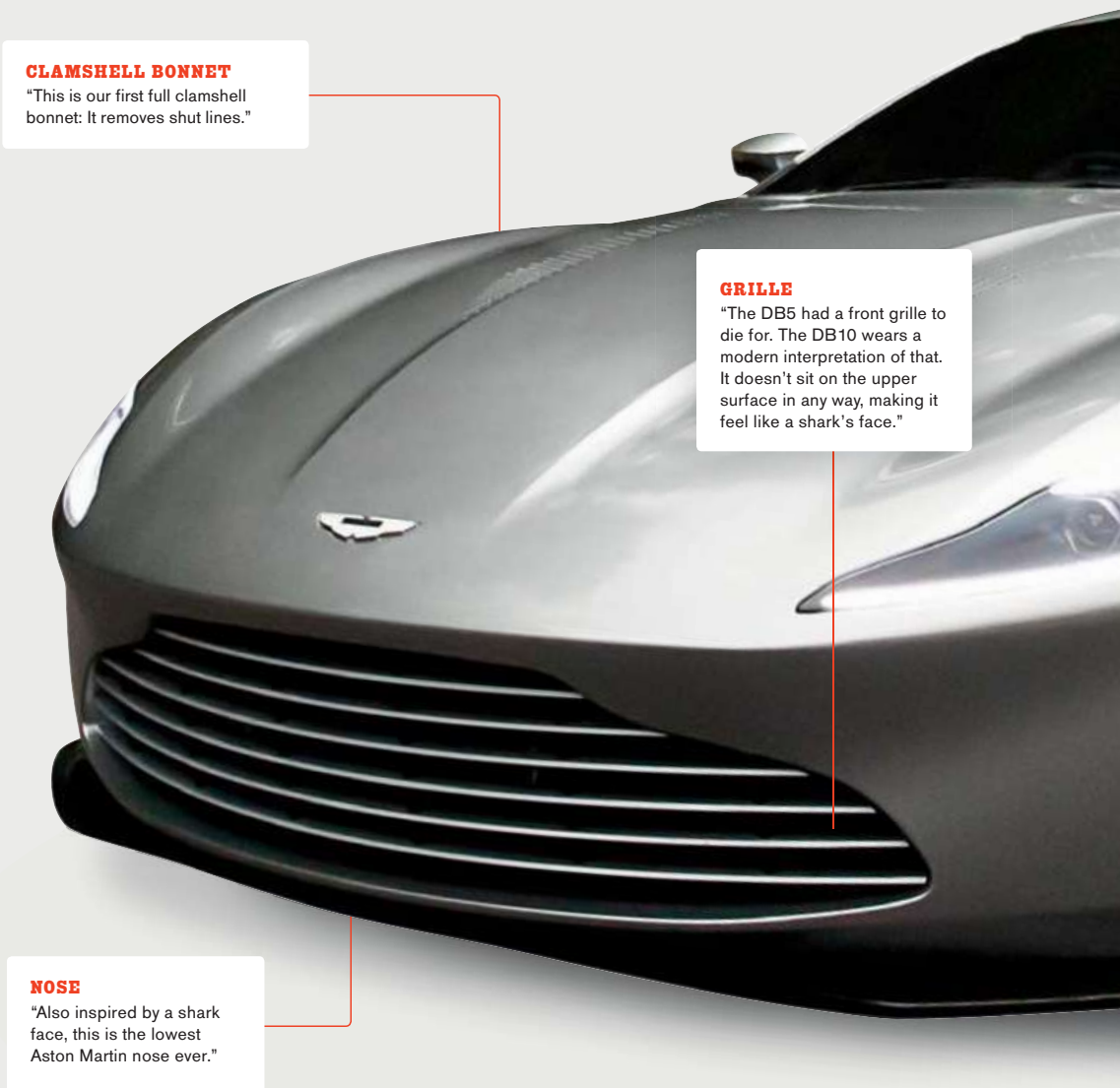
LEFT: COPYRIGHT © 1965 METRO-GOLDWYN-MAYER STUDIOS INC. AND DANJAQ, LLC. ALL RIGHTS RESERVED

BOND'S NEWEST RIDE

THE DB10 IS THE FASTEST (AND DEADLIEST?) ASTON MARTIN YET.



BOND DROVE many cars, but the Aston Martin DB5 in 1964's *Goldfinger* set a standard–becoming a full-fledged weapon, complete with machine guns, ejector seats, and other far-from-standard equipment. So in creating an action-ready ride for *Spectre*, the company took cues from that Connery-era classic. "We don't do retro design, so it can't be a parody of the original," says Marek Reichman, Aston Martin's chief creative officer. "It has to be modern and unique but also from the same bloodline." He breaks down Bond's fancy new toy, the DB10.



THE MAN WITH FEW TOYS:

George Lazenby, on being an empty-handed Bond actor.



Your film, *On Her Majesty's Secret Service*, barely had any gadgets. Were you bummed?
It was more realistic that way. Once those crazy gadgets come in, the story goes back into fantasy—which it is, but it becomes just a laugh. They were all done in humor.

You weren't an actor before the movie, and suddenly you're cast as James Bond. That must have been nuts.
I remember going to see *Dr. No*, and I had, like, an 80 percent chance with a girl I was going in with—and then about a 20 percent chance coming out, because she was so in love with this guy on the screen. I would be that guy just a few years later. They filmed hundreds of actors and looked at thousands. You can imagine how I felt when I got the role. I thought I was somebody. I just didn't know who that somebody was.

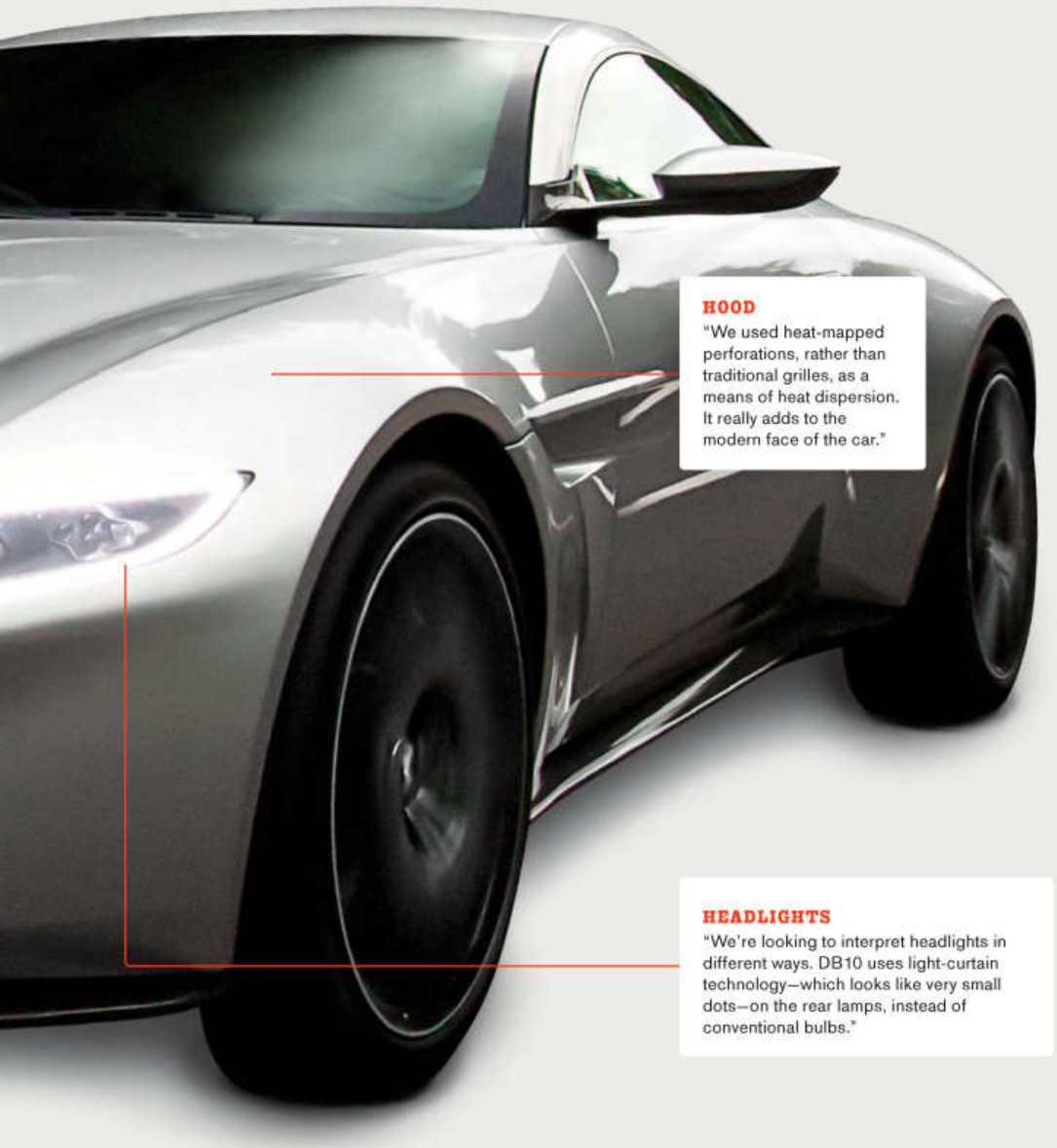
I heard you did all your own stunts.
I did, except the skiing, which the insurance company canceled because they read the script. I did the fight scenes, jumping out of helicopters, cables up in the air. I didn't know actors didn't do their own stunts. I asked, "Did the other fellow do this?"—about Connery—and I was told he didn't.

Why do you think we're still talking about James Bond today?
The character is fearless. You never saw him afraid, which is a great way to be. There was nothing this guy couldn't do or make work. Falling into that character made you feel good. Of course, Bond is bigger than you—and I've had to live with that my whole life.

ASK AN EXPERT:

WHAT MAKES A PERFECT SPY GADGET?

"There have been cases where a new Bond movie comes out, and a CIA director walks into the Office of Technical Services and asks: 'Can we make that?' Sometimes the answer is, 'Yes, and we've had this for 10 years.' The best spy gadgets are simple, difficult to detect, and user-friendly, because a lot of spies don't have technical backgrounds."
—Vince Houghton, historian and curator at the International Spy Museum



HOOD
"We used heat-mapped perforations, rather than traditional grilles, as a means of heat dispersion. It really adds to the modern face of the car."

HEADLIGHTS
"We're looking to interpret headlights in different ways. DB10 uses light-curtain technology—which looks like very small dots—on the rear lamps, instead of conventional bulbs."

CONFESSIONS OF A REAL-LIFE SPY...

Lindsay Moran, a CIA operative from 1998 until 2003, never got a jetpack.



I WENT into the CIA with this idea that there would be a full cadre of Qs supplying us with sophisticated gadgetry. The reality is that the tools of the trade are pretty rudimentary.

The coolest gadgets I had were things like paper that dissolves in water—which is probably something you could get at Spencer's. And anytime I traveled, I had a portfolio or luggage with secret compartments to conceal documents. When you're a female operative meeting in a parked car or a hotel, the cover story is usually that you're having an affair. It's harder to back that up if you have a slew of notes about how a rebel group is infiltrating a nearby town. I loved that disappearing paper.

That said, we do have real-life Qs in the Directorate of Science & Technology. They're the nicest people in the agency, and the ones with the most career satisfaction. And there are some gadgets that I'm not at liberty to talk about. They may not be that cool, but the CIA still won't let us acknowledge them.

Moran is author of Blowing My Cover: My Life As a CIA Spy.

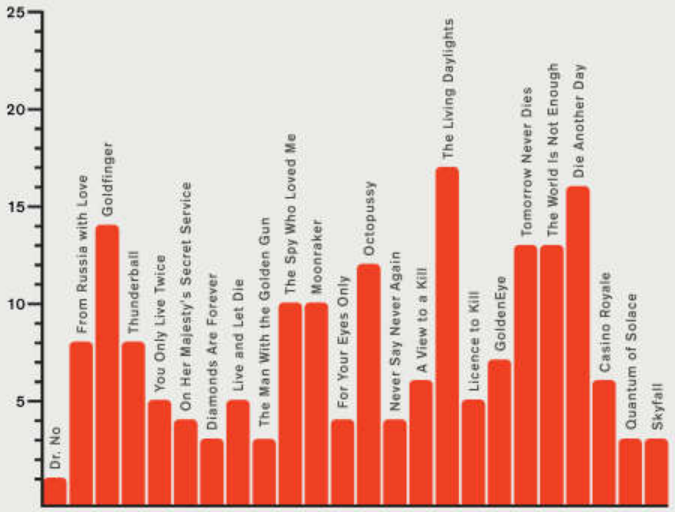
"THE REALITY IS THAT THE TOOLS OF THE TRADE ARE PRETTY RUDIMENTARY."

THE NUMBER OF Q TOOLS PER FILM:

A tally of everything.

WHY SUCH an unsteady arsenal? Simmonds' theory: When one movie's gadgets are too absurd, the next one overcorrects. Then the drift toward silliness begins anew.

Data from Eon Productions; omits the non-Eon film Never Say Never Again *(1983). Objects installed in a vehicle were counted separately.*



...AND WHAT PROS USED

EYEGLASSES WITH HIDDEN CYANIDE PILLS

(Circa 1975-1977, CIA) If captured, a spy could casually chew the eyeglass arm and avoid torture.

RECTAL TOOL KIT

(Circa 1960s, CIA) Filled with escape tools, then buried deep.

TOBACCO PIPE PISTOL

(Circa 1939-1945, British Special Forces) Shoot your mouth off.

CREDITS

p. 2: From left: H&K/CPi Syndication; Luis Sanchis.
p. 4: Clockwise from top left: Cameron Hammond; courtesy of Lamborghini; Shaughn & John; Robert Wyatt; Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer Studios Inc.; Tristan Shu.
p. 8: DC Shoes/Deven Stephens.
p. 16: Ten Asia/Multi-Bits via Getty Images.
pp. 22-23: Silver, Jesse D. Garrabrant/NBAE via Getty Images; Cuban, Jerome Miron/USA Today Sports; Ballmer, AP Photo/David J. Phillip; Jordan, David T. Foster III/*Charlotte Observer*/MCT via Getty Images; Griffin, Richard Mackson/USA Today Sports; Paul, Stephen Dunn/Getty Images; Rose, Jonathan Daniel/Getty Images; Durant, Kim Klement/USA Today Sports; James, AP Photo/Matt York; Westbrook, Ronald Martinez/Getty Images; Gasol, Jason Miller/Getty Images; Curry, Jason Miller/Getty Images; Wade, Andrew D. Bernstein/NBAE via Getty Images; basketball, Lightspring/Shutterstock.
p. 24: From left: Jamie McCarthy/Getty Images for The Players' Tribune; Gabriella Demczuk/*The New York Times*/Redux.
p. 32: Kourosh Keshiri.
p. 38: Coat, $945, Boss; available at hugoboss.com. Sweater, $1,920, and pants, $2,150, Brunello Cucinelli; available at Brunello Cucinelli, 134 Greene Street, NYC. Shoes, $395, Boss; available at hugoboss.com. Hat, $89, Ami; available at MatchesFashion.com. Watch, $120, Timex; available at timex.com.
p. 40: Jacket, $1,200, Bottega Veneta; available at MatchesFashion.com.
p. 42: Coat, $683, Ami; available at MatchesFashion.com. Sweater, $195, and shirt, $235, Boss; available at hugoboss.com. Pants, $680, Tom Ford; available at select Tom Ford boutiques. Sweater, $1,350, Bottega Veneta; available at MatchesFashion.com.
p. 44: Coat, $2,195, and pants (sold as suit), $1,045, Boss; available at hugoboss.com. Shoes, price upon request, Burberry Prorsum; available at burberry.com. Suit, $1,395, tie, $145, and shoes, $395, Boss; available at hugoboss.com.
p. 50: Daniela Midenge.
p. 52: Clockwise from top left: Bico Stupakoff; courtesy of *Call of Duty*; PhotoFest; Everett Collection; PhotoFest; Alamy; PhotoFest, Alamy; Bennett Raglin/BET/Getty Images for BET.
p. 56: Alamy (11); Everett Collection (4); Kobal Collection (4).
p. 58: Clockwise from top left: Courtesy of Liane Hentscher/Amazon; courtesy of Denee Petracek; Alamy (3); PhotoFest; Alamy (3); courtesy of Simon & Schuster; courtesy of Marnier.
p. 59: Courtesy of Starz Entertainment; Bertrand Rindoff Petroff/Getty Images; courtesy of manufacturers (4).
pp. 60-61: Txema Yeste/Trunk Archive.
pp. 64-69: H&K/CPi Syndication.
pp. 70-71: Sébastien Montaz-Rosset.
p. 73: Petit Philippe/Getty Images.
p. 75: Courtesy of Karl Egloff.
p. 82: Jacket, $8,375, Brioni; available at Brioni boutiques. Sweater, $1,793, Etro; available at Etro, 720 Madison Ave., NYC. Roll-neck sweater, price upon request, Boss; available at hugoboss.com. Pants, price upon request, Fendi; available at fendi.com. Shoes, $1,075, Brioni; available at Brioni boutiques. Watch, $8,600, Panerai; available at panerai.com.
p. 84: Jacket, $3,090, and pants, $740, Prada; available at select Prada boutiques and prada.com. Sweater, price upon request, Fendi; available at Fendi, SoHo, NYC, or fendi.com. Roll-neck sweater, $1,150, Ermenegildo Zegna; available at select Ermenegildo Zegna boutiques. Pocket square, $10, the Tie Bar; available at thetiebar.com. Watch, $8,600, Panerai; available at panerai.com.
p. 85: Coat, $3,480, Jil Sander; available at Jil Sander, 818 Madison Ave., NYC. Suit, $2,125, Dsquared2; available at select Dsquared2 stores. Sweater, $1,180, and shoes, $915, Etro; available at Etro, 720 Madison Ave., NYC.
p. 86: Jacket, price upon request, Versace; available at select Versace boutiques. Roll-neck sweater, $398, and pants, $498, John Varvatos; available at johnvarvatos.com. Shoes, $1,300, Salvatore Ferragamo; available at Salvatore Ferragamo boutiques nationwide.
p. 87: Jacket, $3,895, and pants, $1,100, Ermenegildo Zegna Couture; available at select Ermenegildo Zegna boutiques. Shirt, $70, Topman; available at topman.com. Tie, $150, Dunhill; available at dunhill.com. Shoes, $1,300, Salvatore Ferragamo; available at Salvatore Ferragamo boutiques nationwide. Watch, $8,600, Panerai; available at panerai.com.
p. 88: Jacket, $1,900, and pants, price upon request, Salvatore Ferragamo; available at Salvatore Ferragamo boutiques nationwide. Shirt, price upon request, Perry Ellis; available at perryellis.com. Tie, $19, the Tie Bar; available at thetiebar.com.
p. 89: Jacket, $3,795, and pants, $795, Burberry Prorsum; available at us.burberry.com. Shirt, price upon request, Fendi; available at Fendi, SoHo, NYC, and fendi.com. Tie, $150, Dunhill; available at dunhill.com.
p. 92: Brad Mangin /*Sports Illustrated*/Getty Images.
p. 93: Damian Strohmeyer /*Sports Illustrated*/Getty Images.
p. 94: J. Meric/Getty Images.
p. 96: © 1965 Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer Studios Inc. and Danjaq, LLC. All rights reserved.
p. 97: Best, clockwise from top left: Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer Studios Inc.; Alamy; Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer Studios Inc. (6). Worst, from left: Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer Studios Inc.; Everett Collection; Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer Studios Inc. Science: Everett Collection (3).
pp. 98-99: Car, courtesy of Aston Martin (2); Lazenby, Alamy; Moran, courtesy of James Kegley.
p. 102: Courtesy of Arai Helmet, Inc.



MAXIM®

MAXIM (ISSN 1092-9789) Volume 19, Number 9 is published 10 times annually by Maxim Inc., 415 Madison Avenue, 3rd Floor, New York, NY 10017, Tel. 212-302-2626. Periodicals postage paid at New York, NY, and at additional mailing offices. POSTMASTER: Send change of address to: Maxim, P.O. Box 420234, Palm Coast, FL 32142-0234. One-year subscription rates: for U.S., $24.97; for Canada, $34.97; for all other countries, $54.97 in prepaid U.S. funds. Canadian GST Registration #140467846, Publications Agreement number 40031590. Return Undeliverable Canadian Addresses to P.O. Box 503, RPO West Beaver Creek, Richmond Hill, ON L4B 4R6. We sometimes make our subscriber list available to companies that sell goods and services by mail that we believe would interest our readers. If you would rather not receive such mailings, please send us a note with your current mailing label or address to: Maxim Customer Service, P.O. Box 420235, Palm Coast, FL 32142-0235.

• Copyright © 2015 Maxim Media Inc. MAXIM® is a registered trademark owned by Maxim Media Inc. All rights reserved.

November issue, Volume 19, Number 9. Maxim is published monthly except for combined issues of Dec/Jan and June/July by Maxim Inc., 415 Madison Avenue, New York, NY 10017. Tel. 212-302-2626 Fax 212-302-2635 Maxim.com. Canadian GST Registration # 867774580 • Subscription inquiries, including address changes: Visit us at Maxim.com/customerservice or write to Maxim, P.O. Box 420706, Palm Coast, FL 32142, or call 386-447-6312.

PHOTOGRAPHED BY **CAMERON HAMMOND**


Cigar.com
800.357.9800 | The Home for Cigar Enthusiasts
STARTER SET IV
10 CIGARS
+HUMIDOR
LIMITED TIME OFFER
$29.99
A $203 VALUE!
91 RATED
90 RATED
95 RATED
96 RATED
94 RATED
92 RATED
93 RATED
SAVE 85%
Starter Set IV Includes:
Rocky Patel Decade
Alec Bradley Prensado
Oliva Serie 'O'
Cohiba Red Dot
Casa Magna
Gurkha Centurian
CAO Brazilia
Macanudo
Montecristo Media Noche
Romeo y Julieta Vintage
+ 40-Capacity
Desktop Humidor
Cigar.com/CGSA581
Enter full web address for offer
CALL 800.357.9800
Mention CGSA581
Offer expires 1/15/16
*Please add $6.99 s/h. Taxes on orders shipped outside of PA are the responsibility of the purchaser; PA residents add 6% tax. Available to new customers only. One per customer. From time to time substitutions may occur. We only sell our products to adults who meet legal age requirements to purchase tobacco products.
Cigar.com
1911 Spillman Drive | Dept. #26 | Bethlehem, PA 18015
100% SATISFACTION GUARANTEED
Cigar.com
800.357.9800

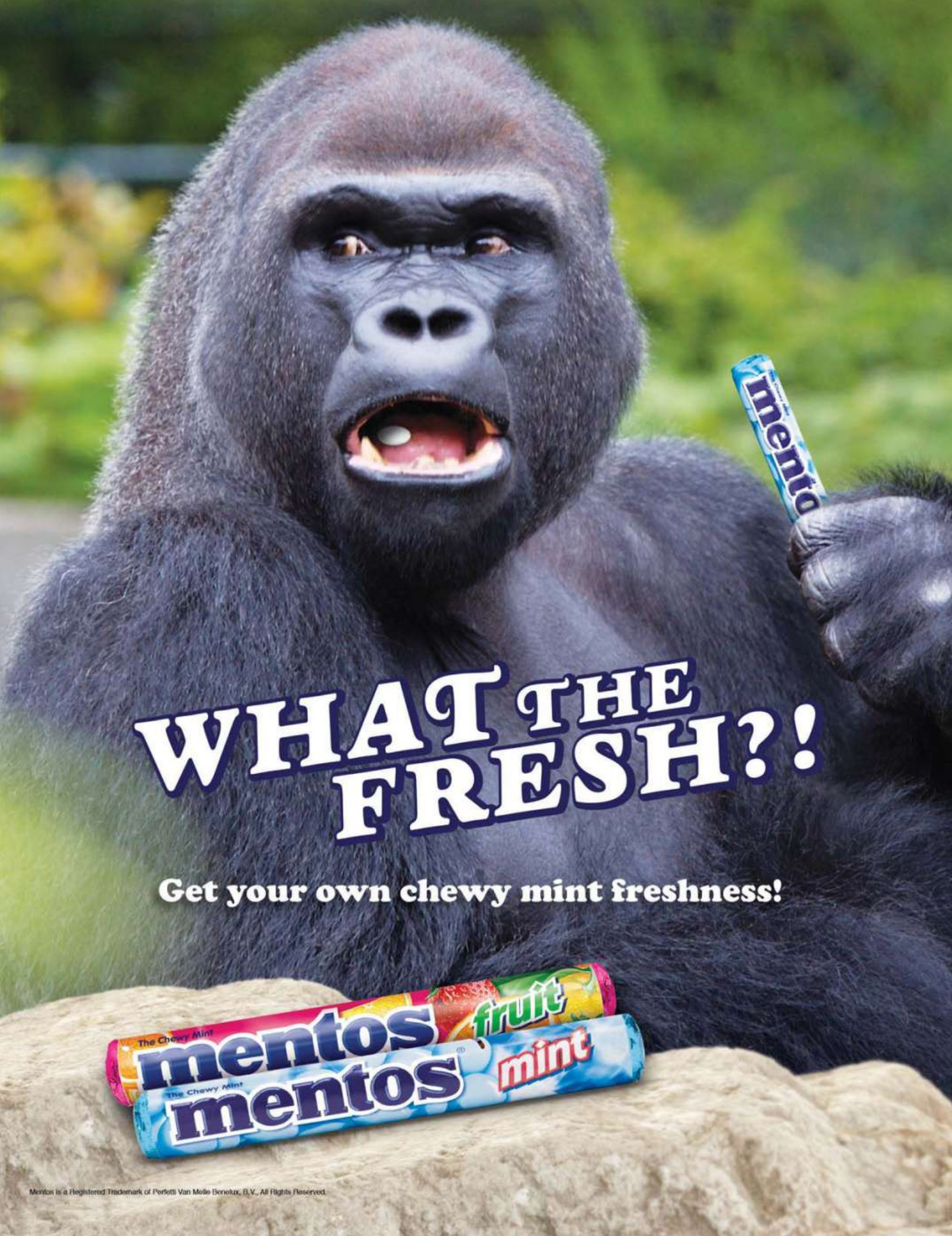
HEAD CASE

A HIGH-OCTANE HELMET REMADE FOR EVERY MAN.

by **CHRIS NELSON**



A PRO RACER'S helmet may look awesome, but you won't be happy in that thing: It's a noisy bullet designed to cut through hurricane-strength wind. That's why the Japanese manufacturer Arai retooled its top-of-the-line, $4,000 helmet—the one MotoGP World Champion Nicky Hayden wears—to create the RX-Q, a street version that tops out at $720. "It's a much quieter, more enjoyable experience for the rider who's not doing 180 mph," says Brian Weston, Arai Helmet managing director. It takes two weeks to build, which involves hand-shaping a reinforced resin shell over a nice, cushy interior. Leave the rough ride to the racers.



Mentos is a Registered Trademark of Perfetti Van Melle Benelux, B.V., All Rights Reserved.

10 VS 1

MACH3® FEELS BETTER THAN

A BRAND NEW DISPOSABLE,*

EVEN AFTER 10 SHAVES





©2014 P&G

Gillette MACH3

CLOSER SHAVE*

ZERO REDNESS**

* VS. Gillette® Custom Plus®

** It's possible with MACH3®

Gillette®

THE BEST A MAN CAN GET™